LITERATURE AS PROPAGANDA by Henry Hazlitt

# The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOL. XX NO. 21 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY

"STALIN: A CRITICAL SURVEY OF BOLSHEVISM"
By Boris Souvarine
*Reviewed by Eugene Lyons*

"OF HUMAN FREEDOM"
By Jacques Barzun
*Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt*

"THE STORY OF SURGERY"
By Harvey Graham
*Reviewed by Mabel S. Ulrich*

"STEP BY STEP"
By Winston Churchill
*Reviewed by John C. de Wilde*

"A NUMBER OF PEOPLE"
By Edward Marsh
*Reviewed by George Dangerfield*

"JUGGERNAUT: THE PATH OF DICTATORSHIP"
By Albert Carr
*Reviewed by Crane Brinton*

"ARTHUR RIMBAUD"
By Enid Starkie
*Reviewed by Ernest Boyd*

BORIS SOUVARINE: "He broke with the communists as the reactionary character of the Russian Revolution and its international appendage became manifest. He has followed the history of Bolshevism since then with the advantage of his inside knowledge" . . . *(See page 3)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Presenting* TWO NOTABLE BOOKS

● **(1) AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO INTELLECTUAL HISTORY**

## *The New England Mind*

### *The Seventeenth Century*

By Perry Miller

Those who would understand the modern world must know something of the heritage bequeathed by times past. This book covers the whole range of thought during a century of Puritanism when that current not only was the most coherent and powerful single factor in American history, but also a vital *American* expression in a crucial period in European development. $3.75

● **(2) A ROUSING, HUMAN NARRATIVE OF AMERICA'S "BONE AND SINEW"**

## *Iron Brew:* A Century of American Iron and Steel

By Stewart H. Holbrook

There have been many books on the *technology* of the development of the iron and steel industries in America, but, until this, none that gave the color and romance of that history, the human side of its mines and boom towns, the roles played by the early pioneers. Mr. Holbrook, author of "Holy Old Mackinaw," brings to this task the same trained mind and pen that made that saga of the lumberjack such entertainment. $2.50

*at any good bookstore*

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York**


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Making of a Dictator

*Abbe*

**"The attempt to relate him to Western revolutionists, to Marx or Garibaldi, Napoleon or Jaurès, is futile. It is far more revealing to seek his roots in Ghengis Khan and Ivan the Terrible" . . .**

*STALIN, A CRITICAL SURVEY OF BOLSHEVISM. By Boris Souvarine. New York: Alliance Book Corporation.* 1939. 690 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

THOSE especially interested in the political literature growing out of the Russian Revolution have been aware of Boris Souvarine's book for some years. Since its original publication in French in 1935 it has, indeed, become a classic in its own field. The belated publication of an English version, in a first-rate translation by C. L. R. James, is therefore a literary event of exceptional importance. The author has added a long Postscript, covering the melodramatic Russian events of the last few years.* The fact that he had no need to change a single word or formulation in the original work, since the manifold horrors of these last climactic years seem the inevitable fruit of all that went before, is a measure of Souvarine's grasp of his materials. It is reported that Trotsky is writing a biography of Stalin; despite its partisan bias it is likely to be an enlightening work. But it will hardly supersede the volume under review, which analyzes Trotsky as pitilessly as it does Stalin, and is under no psychological pressure to exonerate Bolshevism as such for its intrinsic nature and its tragic failures.

Souvarine was one of the founders of the Communist Party in France, and as such an important figure in the early years of the Third, or Communist, International, on whose Executive he served. He broke with the communists as the reactionary character of the Russian Revolution and its international appendage became manifest. He has followed the history of Bolshevism since then with the advantage of his inside knowledge. Conceived and patterned as a biography of Joseph Stalin, the volume is in effect a history of the Russian Revolution and an appraisal of Bolshevism as a whole.

It may be expected that the book will be labeled "Trotskyist" by the brethren of the communist faith. But no more dismal misnomer can be imagined. The official Trotskyists themselves are sure to disown it. To the extent that it is a political exposé, it is an exposé of Bolshevism as such, and relieves Leon Trotsky and other anti-Stalin communists of none of the responsibility for the degradation of the revolution.

Souvarine's detailed account of the internal struggles over a period of nearly two decades, from which Stalin emerged as the lone and absolute master enthroned on the heaped-up corpses of his comrades and collaborators, is an extraordinary story of multitudinous intrigues. Quite aside from its political importance, it makes fascinating reading. But he does not make the mistake of glorifying the losers in these struggles merely because they were less adroit than the victor. Practically all the "Old Guard" communists whom Stalin first fooled, then humiliated, and finally killed off were minor Stalins, in that they helped fashion and accepted the Bolshevik methods and the Bolshevik ethics. They made alliances with him, treated Russia and the revolution as their private property in strict accord with the aristocratic Bolshevik notion of anointed leadership, and went to their deaths morally degraded. Trotsky is exempted from this charge of moral collapse; but he is not spared by the author in demonstrating that the degeneration of the revolution was implicit in the nature of Bolshevism, which Trotsky even today continues to defend.

Souvarine emphasizes that their "fundamental identity" prevented Stalin's communist opponents from taking their case to the Russian masses. They kept it a family affair for the elect to settle among themselves. On those conditions the triumph of the most unscrupulous and politically most deft among them was assured.

> The Opposition was defeated more by its own faults than anything else [Souvarine writes] . . . Trotsky confirms the neo-Bolshevik doctrine of the unity of the Party, while the whole logic of his attitude drives him to ask help from outside it.

The dearth of documentary bases for a reconstruction of Stalin's career, especially before his emergence as supreme dictator, is known to all who have attempted to write about him. His relative unimportance in the pre-revolutionary epoch means that he is mentioned only in passing, if at all, in contemporary accounts. Even the police records in places where he labored as a professional revolutionary treat him as a minor personality. (The comparative lightness of his prison and

**This postcript was written, of course, before knowledge of the German-Russian non-aggression pact had broken on the world.*

Next Week

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN
By FRANCIS HACKETT
*Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly*

RAIN UPON GODSHILL
By J. B. PRIESTLEY
*Reviewed by Irwin Edman*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exile sentences by Czarist police is an unwitting refutation of the legend of early leadership attributed to him *post factum*.) To make matters worse, Stalin has since suppressed tell-tale archives, falsified others, and encouraged his sycophants in the invention of heroic episodes to embellish his biography. Those who might tell things he has put safely beyond all possibility of writing memoirs.

Despite these handicaps, Souvarine has painted a full-length and convincing picture of the Russian dictator. Incidents in his boyhood and young manhood acquire a symptomatic importance in relation to Stalin's future. It appears from the first that Stalin had an easy conscience, a superb amoralism, recognized even by his schoolmates in the seminary at Tiflis, and later by prison-mates. He was suspected of denouncing students to the school authorities. A prison companion records that Stalin's "remarkable lack of principle and his practical cunning made him a master of tactics." From the scattered reminiscences Souvarine finds that certain characteristics emerge in the young Stalin:

> The first is a "will to power" disproportionate to the will to know, almost attenuating the Nietzschean conception of the end of man to material and practical requirements . . . The second characteristic is a narrow realism, efficacious within strict limits . . . The third is a religious education overlaid with a travesty of Marxism consisting of elementary formulæ learned by heart like a catechism, and lastlv oriental dexterity in intrigue, unscrupulousness, lack of sensitiveness in personal relations, and scorn of men and human life.

The hardening of these characteristics, their impact upon the history of an entire nation, and through the Communist International upon the attitudes of an entire epoch, is the amazing narrative traced by this book. Souvarine draws the line sharply between socialist idealism as developed in the West, and the Russian variant, which filled an imported Marxist form with a distinctively Asiatic, Byzantine content. Stalinist legend gives him credit for sticking to Russia while others escaped into the relatively comfortable existence of high-minded emigrés. They forget that Stalin knew no foreign languages, had not even a smattering of Western culture, and would have been a fish out of water in Geneva or Paris. He did not need to adjust Marxism to his own mind. The transformation was automatic. His "socialism" was never more than verbal; under the Marxist ritual was the reality of a disdain for people in the mass. His collectivism was that of all slaves working for one master instead of many. His equalitarianism was that of all prisoners in the sight of a warden.

In the celebrated "expropriations" for the cause in which he participated, he organized others to do the dirty work. While the more dramatic figures of the events of 1917, and of the years immediately thereafter, took the limelight and the applause, he gathered political power into his hands quietly, patiently, with miserly concentration. By the time Lenin, more perspicacious than the rest, realized what was happening and warned against it, Stalin was strong enough to suppress the warning. After Lenin's death he shrewdly, and again with astounding patience, used the greed for power of the other leaders to help him rid the machine of Trotsky. But as soon as that job was completed, he proceeded to rid himself similarly of his associates.

The world is by this time sufficiently aware of Stalin's ruthless liquidation of people. The simple summation of the carnage in certain of Souvarine's pages is horrifying. The world is less aware of his liquidation of ideas. "Stalin's industrialization was based on the intensive over-exploitation of the workers and his collectivization on the absolute servitude of the peasants"—in effect an implacable liquidation of the fundamentals of the socialist dream. Having made full use of advanced and progressive notions in the realms of culture, family relations, etc., to overawe and conquer the old society, he proceeded to crush these notions, just as he crushed Zinoviev and Kamenev after using them as tools to defeat Trotsky. "Party unity" was the mystic formula that enabled him to hog-tie his opponents in the Party. When the formula had served his purpose, he did not hesitate to cast it out—wiping out the Society of Old Bolsheviks, drawing in non-partisans as allies against the Party, and finally liquidating both the history and the remaining leaders of the original Party.

The Stalin portrayed by Souvarine is a monstrous creature, compounded of super-human and sub-human ingredients. The attempt to relate him to Western revolutionists, to Marx or Garibaldi, Napoleon or Jaurès, is futile. It is far more revealing to seek his roots in Ghengis Khan and Ivan the Terrible, in Peter the Great and the Iron Czar. Souvarine has done this in some stirring pages citing specific episodes and specific words in Russia's bloody history that are startlingly of a piece with the Stalin regime. The last hundred pages or so, in which Souvarine chronicles the triumphant counter-revolution under "the greatest of the great," "our Sun," "the Genius Stalin," probably compress more horror than any pages in modern history. Only those who have witnessed some portion of the nightmare with their own eyes are equipped to believe. To others it will sound, unavoidably, like exaggeration.

# Terpsichorean

## BY HELENE MULLINS

BEHIND her, while she dances the dance of life,
Helplessly in the shadows stand the ghosts
Of her former selves, now banished from the strife,
The glory and the pain. Not yet to the uttermost
Oblivion they recede, but are at last
Estranged from her. Toward the far and fathomless
Future she moves, forever discarding the past
With essential grace, essential spiritedness.

The deceptive hour, the deceptive love, the false
Lantern that lit no room, the spurious flower
That never bloomed lie lifeless in the vaults
Of memory. Time for her retains the power
Of a great magician; forever she starts anew.
Never the final gesture will she make,
Never will be defeated. The world is true,
Is brilliant and enchanting for her sake,
As she advances, insinuates, digresses.

Forever leaving her former selves behind,
She sees reality just ahead and expresses
In her dance the calm adroitness of her mind.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Joseph Hilton Smyth, President; Harrison Smith, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $4 a year; Canada $4.50. Vol. XX, No. 21, September 16, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Healing Knives

*THE STORY OF SURGERY. By Harvey Graham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1939. 425 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

A CHRONICLE of high endeavor, this is the story of that army of individuals who while homo sapiens was struggling for half a million years against nature, his brother, microbes, and machines, devoted their lives to appeasing his physical torment and prolonging his days in the vale of tears. It is told by a surgeon of obvious scholarship and no pedantry, in a style that is distinguished for its forthright English and engaging liveliness.

Harvey Graham (the name we are told, adopted by an illustrious British surgeon to shield his identity) calls his book "a story-book," and he opens his tale with a vivid description of a Neolithic surgeon, as with sharp-pointed flints he penetrates the skull of a demon-possessed tribesman. ("Trepanning for the release of demons is the earliest surgical operation of which any evidence remains.") Following this anonymous but inspired pioneer, comes the procession of his successors to nurse the infant art through superstition, charlatanism, inspiration, mistaken theories and their correction, until it comes of age with the miracles of modern procedure.

The curve of surgery's development is like a fever patient's—with precipitous rises and falls. Babylon and Egypt, India and China, thousands of years before Christ knew a surprising amount about healing, but their knowledge became submerged by magic and witchcraft. But with Greece and Hippocrates, "the father of medicine," the great names begin to emerge. Galen, Paré, Harvey — the lives of all the great surgeons of history are here, but almost more interesting are those of the hundreds less known, and of their specific contributions to the structure of surgical knowledge and methods. The life of each is presented against the background of his country and his period with lively descriptions of plagues, quackeries, wars, jealousies, bitter mistakes—an amazing wealth of material that must have demanded years of research, as well as the most skillful organization. With the present century the "sturdy individualism" that carved the story of all branches of the medical art, began to disappear. With discoveries following fast and furiously, all healing became so complex that almost the entire field of science made some manner of contribution. There remain many advancements still to be made but these will be made, so thinks Harvey Graham, less and less by individuals, more and more by the closest teamwork of physicians, surgeons, chemists, physicists, psychiatrists.

The medically trained reader will find in this book much stimulating information, a great deal of which it is safe to say will be new to him, and all of which is persuasively presented. Those with little or no knowledge of medical terms and operative methods may be baffled by some of its more technical passages, but they should find that these are more than compensated for by the wealth of dramatic anecdotes.

# Federalist Leader

*ALEXANDER HAMILTON: PORTRAIT OF A PRODIGY. By David Loth. New York: Carrick & Evans.* 1939. 320 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

TALLEYRAND knew the price as well as the value of many men. The statesmen of two generations he knew intimately and when, in his old age, he came to record an estimate, he viewed them with the detached judgment of the historian who has often been glad to follow his verdicts. During his American exile from the French Revolution Talleyrand knew Hamilton well. This makes more formidable his statement: "I consider Napoleon, Fox, and Hamilton as the three greatest men of our time, and if I were to pronounce among the three, I would give without hesitation the first place to Hamilton."

There is still enough partisanship in the writing of American biographical history to prevent the awarding of any such clear preëminence to Hamilton, but certainly none will deny him a position among the few great American statesmen. This is true, even though no American historian has traced in detail his profound influence in the history of the United States.

Mr. Loth is an omnivorous biographer of many accomplishments. Having finished off "The Brownings" he proceeded to "Lorenzo the Magnificent" and thence through "Charles II of England" to "Philip II of Spain." Mr. Loth has always written with color, grace, and simplicity; these qualities are most effectively combined in his life of Hamilton. For many years no writer has produced a competent, general biography of the great Federalist leader; Mr. Loth has now repaired this

**The first cabinet (after the painting by Alonzo Chappel.)**

omission by giving us the best biography of Hamilton within the covers of one small volume. This is an achievement indeed, for many have tried it and never reached the same clear measure of success. It should find its way to the general reading public.

It must be said, for more serious readers, that there is not a single new fact of any consequence in the book. It is a graceful résumé of the most important facts that we have all long known about Hamilton. There are no footnotes and only a meager statement of the sources of the book. Mr. Loth declares that his chief source is "the collection of Hamilton papers—109 volumes and several hundred miscellaneous pieces—in the Library of Congress." This must be a typographical error; it is true that this collection *should* be the chief source of any comprehensive biography of Hamilton. But to the best of my knowledge no biographer has ever minutely examined those manuscripts and there is an essential part of them not even available to researchers. There is no evidence in the present biography that anything but printed materials were used. And there are some of these printed materials, seemingly neglected by Mr. Loth, that would have modified parts of the present book. The intimate relationship between John Jay and Hamilton is missed; the drafting of the Neutrality Proclamation which was issued by Washington is misunderstood; and it is clear that on the writing of Washington's Farewell Address the author was not aware of Dr. Paltsits's masterful book. There are other minor defects, but Mr. Loth might well ask: what does the general public know or care about these matters of historical scholarship?

*Frank Monaghan is the author of a biography of John Jay. He is a member of the department of history at Yale.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Down with the Absolute

*OF HUMAN FREEDOM. By Jacques Barzun. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.* 1939. 334 *pages, with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

DEMOCRACY means many things to many men but only in a democracy can it or any other word mean so many things. Untangle that sentence and the thesis of Mr. Barzun's remarkable new book will become apparent. Undaunted by the plethora of definitions of democracy, this important young writer, who also teaches history at Columbia, uses some acute reasoning to discover that no particular institution or groups of institutions can exhaust the meaning of democracy. For democracy is primarily an attitude of mind, a climate, or a culture. It may exist wherever men enjoy freedom in art, in science, in philosophy, or in common living, regardless of the particular form of government, although totalitarianism militates against it. In other words, neither democracy nor freedom represents an absolute, but rather a refusal to rely upon absolutism in any sphere of human endeavor.

Mr. Barzun continues his superb defense of relativism by showing its application in art, science, semantics, social science, and education. The chapter entitled "The Myth of Revolutionary Culture" fairly coruscates with brilliant writing and an ingenious wit, and goes to show that no necessary correlation exists between cultural creation and political conditions. Corroboration comes from an analysis of the periods of the French and Puritan revolutions; and those who insist that all art is propaganda, that only proletarian fiction can attain artistic excellence, or that revolution intensifies creative activity will have to search long in unaccustomed places to find a rebuttal. Mr. Barzun distrusts anything tainted with absolutism; and revolution itself, as Robespierre pointed out, is an absolutistic system though the derivations, in Pareto's sense of the word, change from day to day.

The author dislikes materialism too, although it is difficult to see why, except for his supposition that the mind must be real in itself in order to attribute freedom to it. Here he unnecessarily confuses political freedom with biological indeterminism and fails to see that materialism does not exclude the belief in political freedom any more than idealistic pragmatism encourages it. If Mr. Barzun had tempered his William James with a little Santayana, he would not so quickly have equated materialism with the mechanical, the formulated, the dry, the rigid, and the absolute, nor would he have looked with so dour a countenance upon the application of natural scientific methods to the problems of social science. Pragmatism itself, which the book so enthusiastically defends, is more of a method than a metaphysic, and may be either idealistic or materialistic. While Mr. Barzun accepts only the idealistic kind, he graces it with an uncommon and delightful thing, a historical perspective.

In spite of such dissents, however, which the author's thesis incidentally requires him to welcome, the book exhibits a competence seldom associated with its subject and sparkles with eminently quotable apothegms. Though its excessive stimulation comes from the pointedness of many thumbtacks rather than the profundity of a single hatpin, no person can better nurture his intellectual life than by reading it immediately. A reviewer wedded to the relativism which the author insists upon can offer no higher praise.

# "Multiple Originals"

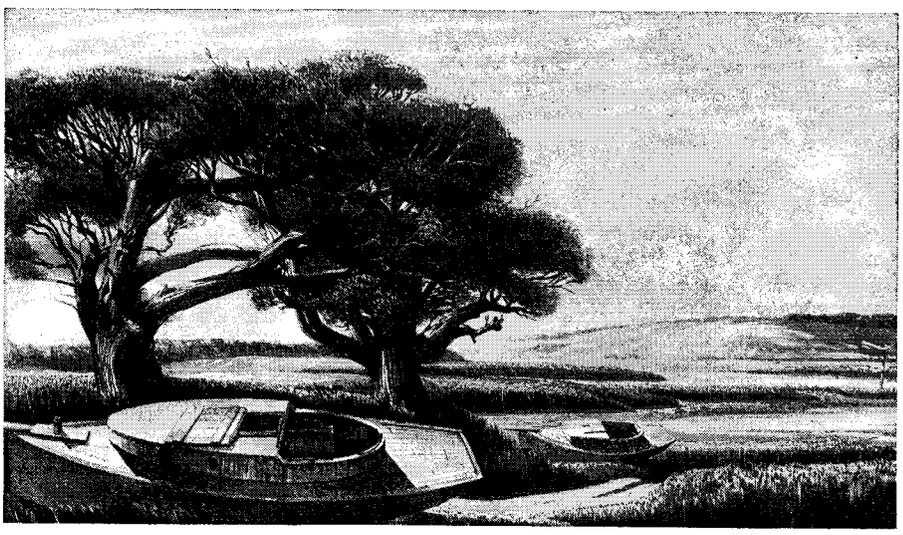
*A TREASURY OF AMERICAN PRINTS: A Selection of One Hundred Etchings and Lithographs by The Foremost Living American Artists. Introduction and description by Thomas Craven. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1939. $3.95.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

THE purchaser of this book will have acquired superb reproductions of lithographs and etchings by living American print makers at a cost of less than four cents apiece, any one of which, detached from its binding and hung on his wall, will convey many if not all of the qualities of its original. The Associated American Artists, who collaborated in the selection of the prints, believe that the day of the unique collector's original is passing, and with it much esthetic snobbishness, the misleading evaluation of a drawing in terms of its scarcity. They share the attitude of the writer who said to Ruth Green Harris, "I'd much rather be read by masses of people because I'm good than owned by two people because I'm rare."

The process here used—aquatone—narrows the margin of difference between reproduction and original, a difference which remains, of course, a useful challenge to one's discrimination and sensitiveness, a stimulus to the more complete utilization by artists of the machine press for the quantity production of what Rockwell Kent calls "multiple originals" without loss of quality. "A Treasury of American Prints" will have, one hopes, the wide sale which its high standard deserves and its low price makes possible. It will create a wider public for the graphic arts in America; one which, having here obtained a speaking acquaintance with John Sloan, Peggy Bacon, Reginald Marsh, Adolph Dehn, and nearly fifty others, will desire to deepen and refine that acquaintance to the mutual benefit of patron and artist.

The editor's choice of prints is, on the whole, representative, although one could ask for more of Soyer, Jones, and Robinson, and less of the strident and lifeless arabesques of Thomas Benton, the increasingly taxidermic forms of Grant Wood. The introduction and the brief notes on the reverse of each plate were written by Thomas Craven, who, in the field of art criticism, is America's number one isolationist.



**Quiet Day—lithograph by Stow Wengenroth**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "I Told You So"

*STEP BY STEP 1396-1339. By Winston S. Churchill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1939. 323 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JOHN C. DE WILDE

WHENEVER in recent years there has been talk about reorganizing the Chamberlain cabinet in Britain, the discussion inevitably centered about Winston Churchill. His ability, vigor, and prescience have contrasted sharply with the general mediocrity which has characterized the conduct of state business. He is the Borah of Britain, although his talents and spirit are more constructive than those of the Idaho Senator. More than any of the Labor or Liberal leaders, Churchill has been a constant thorn in the side of Conservative governments. The Baldwin and Chamberlain cabinets have in particular felt the rapier-like thrusts of his vigorous, logical mind. But now that war has for the time being set aside all other differences the Government is once more availing itself of his dynamic energy.

The book under review consists of a series of brief fortnightly essays on international affairs, the first dated March 13, 1936, the last May 15, 1939. With the exception of occasional excursions to the Far East, Palestine, and India, Mr. Churchill deals with the disastrous development of affairs in Europe. In his writing he shows his usual literary skill. Even independent of the content, his pungent and lucid style affords the reader much pleasure.

With equal appropriateness these articles might have been gathered under the title, "I Told You So." Certainly no statesman has more justification for assuming the cloak of the prophet. For years he had been "pointing with alarm." Again and again he assailed the British for their tendency to temporize and let things drift. He tried to shake them out of their complacency while revolutionary changes were taking place in the world about them. On September 4, 1936, he bemoaned the fact that "only unarmed, unthinking Britain nurses the illusion of security." Repeatedly he called attention to the danger to be expected from Germany. When Hitler repudiated the Locarno pact and marched into the Rhineland, Churchill urged immediate counteraction so that "a reign of law may be established in Europe, the sanctity of treaties may be vindicated, and from that commanding eminence Germany may be welcomed back to the family of nations . . . " "Stop It Now" was his

**Winston Churchill**

slogan. With great persistence he demanded more vigorous prosecution of rearmament and the creation of a Ministry of Supplies to speed this process. As early as June, 1936, he counseled Britain to take the lead in organizing every possible country in a united front to resist further aggression. One by one, but with much delay, these policies were all accepted. Will Churchill have to write another mournful essay entitled "Too Late?"

# An Empire in Its Anecdotage

*A NUMBER OF PEOPLE. By Edward Marsh. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1939. 409 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IN 1937, Edward Marsh was invested with the K.C.V.O.—a fitting reward for a long and faithful career in the Civil Service. Beginning in the Colonial Office, ending in the Dominions Office, he served in between as Private Secretary to four ministers, one of whom was Winston Churchill. On less official terms, as well, his knighthood seems not undeserved. The official and upper classes of England have not shown up any too well of late years, one might even say without exaggeration that they have shown up rather badly. "A Number of People" puts them in a more favorable light. It is their apologia. Up and down its pages they wander—all of them genial, all of them worth knowing, all of them telling good stories and calling the author Eddie.

His, however, is not a trifling figure. Edmund Gosse claimed that Marsh would be a second Tottel, a claim which the author underlines in a modest affirmative footnote. Was he not associated with, if not entirely responsible for, the editing and publishing of "Georgian Poetry?" Ever since, as a schoolboy, I purchased the first volume of that anthology in Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop in Theobalds Road, I have remembered with gratitude the name of Edward Marsh. Then again, there is his "Memoir of Rupert Brooke," the only one worth consulting, indeed the only one in existence.

Kindness is the keynote of "A Number of People"—a genuine, unaffected kindness, though limited in scope. Now kindness unrelieved is apt to be exceedingly tedious. Edward Marsh relieves his with anecdote—such anecdote as few people are able to remember, let alone to tell. From this point of view, "A Number of People" must be described as one of the most enjoyable books to be put on the market for a long time.

Some memoirs are informative, some evocative: "A Number of People" is of the latter description. Letters from D. H. Lawrence, T. E. Lawrence, Maurice Baring, Rupert Brooke; conversations with Robert Bridges, Bernard Shaw; endless engaging people, some titled, some running after titles, some running the country . . . do they add to our stock of knowledge? Not in this book. They start us remembering verses we have read, fragments of novels, or bits of history. Above all, they summon up an image of the English ruling class in an *al fresco,* or picnic mood — neither too aristocratic, nor too exclusive, and liberally peppered with artists and writers. Beyond, in the unsocial wilderness, are all those people, those "nondescript people," as Sir Edward puts it in a telling phrase, "who looked as if they had left their galoshes in the hall"; and beyond them are the millions and millions who have no galoshes to leave anywhere. When they present themselves to him in the shape of cooks, butlers, bus-drivers, valets, and clerks, Sir Edward is kind; otherwise he is unaware.

The charmed circle itself has cut a poor figure in international politics of late years. Now, at last, urged on by the subterranean anger of all those Englishmen who have left their galoshes in the hall, or would if they had any galoshes to leave, it is showing a sterner front. Perhaps it is too late; perhaps the sun that never sets is setting, though one hopes not, so horrible would be the succeeding darkness. Now, too, is the time to read "A Number of People." Reading it, one seems to hear—proceeding from the reds and sables of that catastrophic sunset—a rattle of tea-cups, a popping of corks. The voice of an empire in its anecdotage. The voice of Sir Edward Marsh. But not, I think, the voice of England.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH, HARRISON SMITH .... Publishers
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1939, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

## American Values

THE European explosion of 1914, with its many parallels to the catastrophe of 1939, had its immediate repercussion in American books and magazines. Gossippy essays and pleasant travel sketches dropped into editor's bottom drawers, or were sent back to the authors, even when paid for. Serious articles on the history and recent circumstances of European countries, some of which were only names to Americans, took their place. Quarterlies and intellectual weeklies that only the erudite had read, found themselves quoted in editorial columns from coast to coast. Books responded a little later, and soon, in addition to thoroughly unreliable explanations of the cause and cure of war abroad, reviewers were busy with a whole series of treatises on the politics, geography, history, and psychology of Europe, and polemics on the nature and the merits of representative, democratic government. It was boom time for professors of history.

The next reaction was very different. Victory, peace, and homecoming brought disillusion with them. But the American disillusion took, in literature, the form of an almost morbid nationalism. Millions of Americans had been made conscious of Europe, and, by a natural transference, had turned their awakened objectivity upon their own nation, which was in violent reaction from the overwrought emotions of what had been preached as a great crusade. Fed up with Europe, they began to criticize at home. It was the era of "Main Street" and "Babbitt."

What will be the effect of the 1939 cataclysm upon our native literature, whether or no we enter the war? Some guesses may be risked, even in the first month of conflict.

It seems probable that this time there will be no outburst of educators trying to tell us all we do not know about Europe and communism and fascism and democracy. We know, as a matter of fact, very little yet, as a nation, but we do know very much more about foreign conditions than in 1914, and we have been so deluged with information and argument through the undeclared war of the last few years, that it seems probable that historians and propagandists will find the American reader more interested in contemporary fact than in theories of causes. He has discovered for himself, or will shortly discover, that the power politics which he was taught to understand in the years after the last conflict has been persisting underneath the war of ideologies, and will have to be his chief concern now if he is to keep his mind clear and his judgment intact. Action, for a while at least, will be his chief interest; theory will come later.

But one positive effect of this crisis upon literature here may be prophesied with some probability. This war, in which greed for power and the cult of violence are so much in evidence, will destroy the doctrinaires of our creative literature. Who can look at Europe today and tolerate a novel intended to exhibit life on a Marxian basis? Who can write drama or poetry as showing the inevitability of social processes operating under laws which the confident critics of the 20's believed in as implicitly as the early twentieth century believed in Herbert Spencer? They were not inevitable. Human nature was not like that.

If we may expect any speedy reaction of the creative mind in America to the present crisis, it will be toward a greater humbleness, a greater subtlety, a truer sense of values. It will be, in other words, toward the best faculties of literature, which have always been intuitive, analytical, prophetic, rather than dogmatic and experimental. In America, for example, one may expect a revival of nationalism, but not the crude romantic nationalism of the 90's and the 1900's, nor the unassimilated mixture of self-confidence and self-criticism of the 20's. We may expect (or hope) a realization that it is of the most vital importance that now, with Europe and Asia in flux, we must get this complex but somewhat unified American continental state of many races into our imagination. It is not enough to understand what it is today, which we have hardly begun to do; it must be felt, somehow, convincingly in all of its spiritual reactions. This is a job for literature.

And one other guess may be hazarded. A decade of debunking and disillusionment is behind us, but in that decade the knowledge of and interest in the American past has greatly increased, even among uncritical and unintellectual readers and hearers. We have been taught, as our fathers never were, the real nature, the causes, the successes, and the failures of the American tradition. But there has been little attempt to separate the history of this tradition from its vital elements that persist and work today in conditions so different from the America of the founders that we might be dealing with a new experiment on a new continent. Yet upon the vitality of that tradition, its adaptiveness to new circumstance, its unifying possibilities in a nation that has taken over the culture as well as the races of the old world, and may have to preserve it, little that is powerful and prepotent has been written. This is a job for the new social sciences, including history; but it is also a job for literature, since tradition is a personal thing working through institutions into the imaginations of individuals, who are not economic men or socially determined units in all of their beings, but humans still requiring an imagination to understand them, and the intuitive, creative spirit of the artist to make them articulate.

We may guess, we can only guess, that one result for literature of this crisis, will be to give better expression than before to the American values, which have the dynamic quality of ideals, and the strength of reality.

H. S. C.

## Arthur Rackham

ONE of the most interesting gatherings would be the writers whose books were illustrated by the late Arthur Rackham. It would include such apparently different temperaments as Lewis Carroll, Washington Irving, J. M. Barrie, Hawthorne, Anderson, Goldsmith, Ruskin, the Brothers Grimm, John Milton, Charles Dickens, and Shakespeare. Each of these, as he rose to propose a health to his illustrator, would admit that Rackham had found in his writing something of which the prime mover was probably only half aware. What word they would apply to it one hesitates to suggest: perhaps *fey*. He saw, more clearly than most, the suggestions offered by the shapes of things. If a thing has a queer shape—like a riverside pollard willow—it has a queer meaning or overtone. In the sidelong glint of a child's gaze he saw the mischief or cruelty of Puck. Even in his most innocent and tender work there were shooting pains of mischief. His work became fashionable, which was creditable to the public—and never became discreditable to him.

J. N.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Letters to the Editor: *The Function of the University Press*

## University Presses

SIR:—The editorial on the place of university presses in publishing contributed to a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* by Mr. P. G. Tomlinson was noted with interest no doubt by many of your readers. Preoccupation with the all-absorbing events of the intervening weeks probably accounts for the fact that the reply which Mr. Tomlinson's article calls for has not been forthcoming.

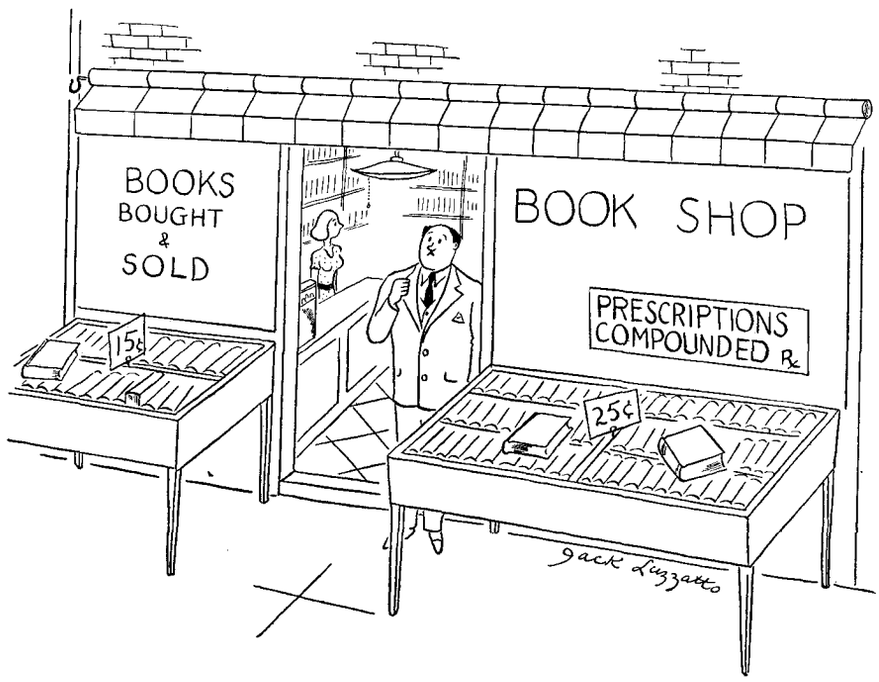
Mr. Tomlinson, it seems to me, is wrong in both of what I take to be his main contentions.

The first is slipped over as though it were not a subject of contention at all. "A New Trend in Publishing" is, I contend, a misleading title. "Old Trends in New Bottles" would be nearer the truth.

Though the argument is confined to American university presses, it is not irrelevant to point out that a precedent was set by the practice of several centuries on the part of both the great English university presses. Founded at a time when to publish at all was to make a contribution to knowledge, they have never, except in the matter of popular fiction (a comparatively recent growth in the history of publishing) made any hard and fast distinction between learned and trade books. One of them, and perhaps the other also, has never been subsidized by the University, but has financed its monumental contributions to learning, from the lifetime of Caxton to the present day, by means of trade publishing.

The development of American university presses has from the beginning yielded examples which followed this pattern on a smaller scale. There are two kinds of university presses for which trade publishing has always been natural, indeed inevitable—the small regional press whose university operates on a very limited budget and the press which functions as an organization quite separate financially from the university. Outstanding examples of the first will occur to everyone, and there are more of the second than Mr. Tomlinson seems to imply.

His second contention is that the practice of trade publishing on the part of university presses is undesirable. At least it causes him to wonder. He wonders "if the general publishers appreciate the increasing keenness of their competition." No one can speak with absolute authority on the inmost feelings of the enigmatical race of publishers. I wonder, in turn, if there is any resentment to speak of on this score. If any general publisher feels that the contents of another list, academic or not, is a serious threat to his own, there is something the matter with his business that the rare non-fiction plum which he may lose to a university press could not cure.




But Mr. Tomlinson only throws this out by the way. What he really wonders is whether "that is what university presses are for . . . Certainly no author of a book which will sell need depend upon a university press to publish it." In other words, he means, university presses exist to publish books that will not sell.

Nobody would deny that this is one of the functions of university presses; and it is an open secret that they have not failed in this particular. But surely not even a university press can be asked to aim at books that will not sell. A university press should look primarily for books that serve the cause of knowledge. If a book passes this test there is no reason why the university press should let it go by simply because it is likely to sell. Indeed, it will serve the cause of knowledge better if it does.

JAMES ORRICK.

New York City.

## Aedepol

SIR:—Cecil E. Abernethy, who finds "Aedefal" in the company of German, Italian, French, and Spanish interjectional oaths and cannot run it down in the dictionary of any language, has surely not tried the Latin dictionary. *Aedepol* is a familiar Latin interjectional oath of disputable orthography.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

## Books and Movies

SIR:—Re "Books and Movies," I wonder how many librarians will write you, that the average library patron will say: "Oh, no, I don't want that book, I've seen it in the movies." If they have read the book before going to the movies, they are disappointed in their expenditure of time and money, and indeed why should they not be, when there is so little similarity between the two? You cannot put a psychological state on the screen, as was attempted recently (though the photography was lovely), nor does there seem to be any great effort to preserve historical accuracy.

At the present moment it seems to be "Books, *or* Movies."

G. L. TODD.

Free Public Library
Bridgeton, New Jersey

*("Wuthering Heights" is nevertheless reported as one of the most successful titles in the new Pocket Books edition.—Ed.)*

## William Gaston

SIR:—I am writing a biography of William Gaston of North Carolina (1789-1844). I would be grateful for information about any letters to or from him in private hands. There should be many of these in North Carolina. All letters and other documents sent me would be carefully handled, and promptly returned.

HERMAN J. SCHAUINGER.

5802 Oak Avenue
Indianapolis, Ind.

## "Common Stocks, Uncommon Sense"

SIR:—In his recent review of my "Common Stocks and Uncommon Sense," "J. C." devotes practically the entire review to the Dow theory, which represents only twenty per cent of the book's contents. Although it is difficult to understand this disproportionate approach, it might be overlooked if "J. C." were a competent commenta-

(*Continued on page* 21)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Leviathan

*JUGGERNAUT: THE PATH OF DICTATORSHIP. By Albert Carr. New York: The Viking Press.* 1939. 531 *pp., with index.* $3.

*DICTATORSHIP: ITS HISTORY AND THEORY. By Alfred Cobban. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1939. 352 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE present war has made these two books even more timely than it seems likely their authors could have intended. Both are honest attempts to study objectively the nature of modern totalitarian states, and though both are hostile to these states, and especially to Germany, neither is written with the bitter partisanship so inevitable—and so useful—in time of war. Both are worth the attention of anyone who wants to penetrate beyond the current headlines.

Mr. Carr is an American who came to the study of social problems after an apprenticeship in the natural sciences. His early training is evident not only in his constant attempt to write dispassionately, but even more in his effort to bring the observed phenomena of modern dictatorships into a series of laws or uniformities. He wishes to learn "why, how, and when does dictatorship come about." He classifies his dictators into *dynasts,* men who have assumed or extended dictatorial power as the embodiment or representatives of inherited authority (Richelieu, Louis XIV, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Primo de Rivera, Alexander of Jugo-Slavia, Carol of Rumania, and General Metaxas); *revolutionaries,* men raised to power by discontented groups outside the ruling classes (Cromwell, Robespierre, Bolivar, Lenin, Stalin); and *crisis-men,* men raised to power with popular support in times of crisis, but with the active aid of the ruling economic class (the two Napoleons, Gomez, Mussolini, Ataturk, Salazar, Hitler).

**Bismarck**

The historical analysis which makes up the body of his book is not without a number of errors of fact, but no more than must be expected when so much ground is covered rather hastily. Though often wrong, Mr. Carr is so temperate that he does not seem wrong-headed. His last fifty pages, the most interesting part of his book, contain a brief systematic description of the generalized course of dictatorship in modern Western society, or, if you prefer, an outline for a sociology of dictatorship.

Mr. Carr's chief working-tool is an economic interpretation of history which varies but slightly from the orthodox Marxian one. In his terms, a society is in equilibrium when the classes into which it is divided have the political power to which their economic power would "naturally" lead. When changes in techniques, discoveries, ideas, organizations, leaders, give a class greater "political potential" without giving it greater actual political power, there is disequilibrium, political unrest, revolution. Dictators come to power in such times of disturbance, either as agents of the rising classes, or as agents of ruling classes threatened by rising classes. The nineteenth century assumed from its own experience that dictators could succeed only as the temporary agents of the rising lower classes, of "democracy." The twentieth century has had to learn from its own experience that the crisis-dictators may succeed in establishing something like a new equilibrium based on the exclusion of the great majority of people from real political power and from the possibility of economic improvement. Germany may be the first of the great modern servile states. On the whole, however, Mr. Carr clings to the hope that in favored countries like the United States dictatorship may be avoided, and the bases of political and economic power gradually broadened. In his last chapter, however, he notes a series of symptoms of crisis-dictatorship in this country—fiscal difficulties, the strengthening of the federal government at the expense of state and local governments, and the rise of fascist groups like Father Coughlin's Social Justice party.

The most serious weakness of "Juggernaut" is its dependence on an oversimple form of the economic interpretation of history. Like so many who appeal to this interpretation, Mr. Carr never comes to grips convincingly with the problem of defining his keyword, "class." You wouldn't get far in biology if you left terms like "phylum" as vague as sociologists commonly leave "class." Even reading between the lines of his book, it is hard to see how Mr. Carr would explain the present pact between Hitler and Stalin—an event which the other book under review definitely foresees. That the economic interpretation of history is an invaluable aid to the understanding of social processes, we should not care to deny; but it is not in itself alone a working tool nearly precise and delicate enough to probe among the complicated phenomena of human behavior in society.

Dr. Cobban is an Englishman trained in the classical tradition of political theory. The argument of "Dictatorship: Its History and Theory" is more closely-woven and philosophical than Mr. Carr's, and for the average American Dr. Cobban's book will make harder reading. Dr. Cobban does not neglect economic factors in his analysis, but he is convinced that ideas do a work of their own in this world. "The new totalitarian dictatorship is powerful," he writes, "not because it rules men's bodies, but because it controls their minds." The origins of contemporary dictatorship he finds in early modern theories of the sovereignty of the state, and especially in those of Hobbes and Spinoza. When the French Revolution transferred sovereignty from the monarch to the people, and infused this abstraction with the emotional force we call nationalism, the ground was ready for men like Hitler. Leviathan, as the totalitarian nation-state, emerged from theory and became a monster of flesh and blood. Our best hope of checking this monster lies in building societies, perhaps a world-society, based on political federalism and economic freedom of exchange, societies in which nationalism would be a fruitful cultural force rather than an obsession penetrating all human activity. The sovereign nation-state must be abolished, or it will abolish us.

Although Dr. Cobban deals so largely with formal political theory, his book seems at least as "realistic" as Mr. Carr's. Perhaps because he has gone to Aristotle rather than to Marx, Dr. Cobban has learned more about men in society than has Mr. Carr. He is certainly more prescient in some matters. "German thought," he writes, "bifurcates in the mid-nineteenth century. One line leads through Marx to Lenin and the other culminates in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitler; but both bear . . . the unmistakable signs of their parentage and kinship." We need not repeat the simplicities of anti-German propaganda in the last war, and blame this one on Kant, Hegel, and Nietzsche; but surely it is important that men brought up in the Western tradition still feel towards the state a saving distrust not felt to any great extent in central and eastern Europe. This feeling seems not to depend exclusively on the economic "mode of production," which is essentially the same in Essen as in Sheffield and Pittsburgh.

Dr. Cobban gives us no such neat uniformities as does Mr. Carr, but he throws out many suggestive generalizations. Such, for instance, is his discussion of the role of modern education in preparing the way for the totalitarian states. The older "classical" education did at least help form a ruling class which was prepared to deal with the whole range of human life. Modern technical and specialized education seems to Dr. Cobban to have formed experts helpless outside their field, easy victims for unprincipled upstarts who know human beings as the expert cannot know them. As for those restricted to primary education, it seems to have but made them more suggestible than ever to propaganda.

It would be unreasonable to expect Dr. Cobban to refrain entirely from prophecy in a book like this, though it must be admitted that he tries hard to make clear to the reader the dividing line between descriptive and prophetic writing in his book. Like almost all contemporary political writers, he is haunted by the fear that we are about to witness the destruction of Western civilization. But he is not without hope, and concludes that "dictatorships in the past have generally not lasted beyond the lifetime, sometimes abbreviated, of the dictator. Defeat in war has been the cause most often productive of disaster. An aggressive foreign policy in the end drives other states to take action to suppress a government that has become an international menace." Long ago, Aristotle concluded from the experience of the Greeks that dictatorship is the most short-lived form of government. After two thousand years we Westerners still behave in most ways like the Greeks whose lives are reflected in Greek art and literature. It seems unlikely that even our science and our machines have altered us beyond profit from their experience. Most of us will hope that Aristotle and Dr. Cobban are right about Hitler.

*Crane Brinton is the author of "The Lives of Talleyrand" and "The Anatomy of Revolution."*

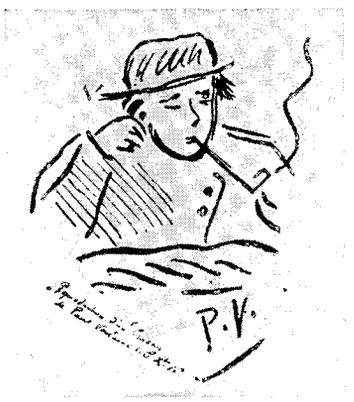
# Two French Poets

*ARTHUR RIMBAUD. By Enid Starkie. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1939. 425 pp., with index. $3.75.*

*CHATEAUBRIAND. By Joan Evans. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 380 pp., with index. $4.*

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THE lives of Rimbaud and Chateaubriand have both been explored many times, and the bibliographies attached to these two volumes bear witness to that fact. Why, therefore, should these two English women critics feel impelled to write substantial and painstaking biographical studies of subjects with which all who are interested in French literature must already be familiar? Reviewing a life of Chateaubriand—by André Maurois—in this place last year I raised this question of the necessity or utility of writing lives which have already been written repeatedly, unless one can come forward with important new material.




**Rimbaud in Paris: from a drawing by Verlaine.**

In choosing Rimbaud, at least, Miss Starkie can claim that the literature on the subject in English is sparse and in France the efforts of partisans and pious family whitewashers have tended to leave Rimbaud's strange career in a haze of evasions, misinformation, and confusion. Miss Starkie, therefore, had a fair field before her and she has done a thorough and satisfactory job.

To begin with, Miss Starkie has had access to a great number of hitherto unpublished documents, especially those dealing with the last years of his life. Paterne-Berrichon, who was married to Rimbaud's youngest sister, had accumulated a great deal of information which he did not use, presumably in order to build up the legend of Jean-Arthur Rimbaud which his family wished to create. Miss Starkie suppresses nothing and even proudly unearths the evidence that Rimbaud trafficked in slaves when he was in Abyssinia. She also found a journal kept by his eldest sister from which we learn that Rimbaud was in London in 1874, a period when his whereabouts was unknown to previous biographers. She is also determined that there shall be no doubt as to the homosexual orgies of Verlaine and Rimbaud. On this vexed question she brings together every scrap of evidence.

To Miss Starkie Rimbaud is definitely a heroic figure, both in his meteoric career as a poet and in his colonial adventures, after he abandoned literature at the age of nineteen. To most readers Rimbaud is of importance solely as the author of "Les Illuminations" and "Une Saison en Enfer." His rather dubious activities in Abyssinia and on the Somali coast are of minor interest, save for the light they throw upon the indomitable, almost demonic will power which drove the ill-fated Ardennes peasant boy to his miserable and painful end, as it also elevated him to the heights of his poetic achievement. There is a mystic extravagance, worthy of Rimbaud himself, in Miss Starkie's theory of his silence after publishing "Une Saison en Enfer." Her central theory, she says, is "that Rimbaud, at the time of his greatest creative power, believed that he had become God. . . . At that time Rimbaud thought that poetry was the means of penetrating into the unknown and of becoming identified with God."

Starting with this premise and assisted by a vast apparatus of occult lore—or hocus pocus, according as one views such things—Miss Starkie proceeds to her conclusion that Rimbaud was so disillusioned at finding that he was not God, that his poetry was no more than the self-expression of a young man no different from others of his kind, that he turned savagely against literature, anathematizing Verlaine and all that his world represented. The skeptical may have some difficulty in reconciling this theory of divinity with the actual behavior of Rimbaud during those creative years. To most people he seemed more like a swine than a god. But Miss Starkie concludes: "It is probable that he intended to continue to write, but works like those of other writers; he discovered, however, that having tasted higher and rarer joys, this humble form of art had no savor for him. How be satisfied with being a mere human writer when one has been God?"

This is a strangely sentimental approach to literature from the author of so reasonable and so well-documented a study as this, where Rimbaud's sordid habits and vices are realistically portrayed and even stressed. It is more in the tone which inspires the "Chateaubriand" of Miss Joan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evans throughout. Hers seems to me to be a work of sheer supererogation. She apparently fell in love with her hero and she shows him as he wanted to be seen. In short, this book is a rehash of everything written about the great Romantic, and is largely a translation of "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe," a title which in itself is a superb expression of egotism. Remy de Gourmont said that Rimbaud was "a postulous toad," and Miss Starkie sees him as godlike. Jules Lemaître dissected Chateaubriand as the quintessence of vanity (though a great wielder of words), and Miss Evans sees him as the Regency beau, so handsome, so eloquent, just too, too, divine. Miss Starkie's book is a solid achievement, Miss Evans has merely compiled another contribution to the modern biography industry. Maybe the war will usher in a close season for biographies of the already biographied!

# The Juror's Vade Mecum

*FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York:* 1939. 431 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

AFTER thirty-five years, Arthur Train's "The Prisoner at the Bar," that informed and comprehensive account of the administration of justice in the New York courts, has reappeared in a revised and even more absorbing form under the title, "From the District Attorney's Office." From time to time Mr. Train has edited "The Prisoner at the Bar," but until now he has not changed the book substantially. And while it has always been required reading, figuratively, for those who would understand the fundamental workings of criminal justice — and, literally, for the fledglings in many law schools— in its present form it emerges as a lucid and immensely readable volume.

As far as the law student is concerned, the work is a much more valuable specimen of "background reading" than it ever was in its previous form, for, apart from such occasional anachronisms as the somewhat faded allusion to "the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue"—and most of these, Mr. Train has detected and altered — the book has been brought up to date in a very satisfactory fashion.

The table of contents makes no effort to denote the three major divisions into which the material falls. I think this is a mistake, for the present volume cannot exactly be considered a unified whole. First, we have the chapters which are, in effect, the renascent "Prisoner at the Bar." Although Mr. Train has modernized "What Is Crime?" "The Arrest," "The Police Court," "The Grand Jury," "The Jury," 'The Trial of Felonies," "The Witness," "The Judge," "The Verdict," and "The Law's Delays," he has carried over his basic plan intact. Here is a plainly-told story of the administration of criminal justice, together with shrewd, informal analyses of the social causes of crime. It constitutes a juror's *vade mecum.* Second, there is a section in which Mr. Train recapitulates four great cases, and tells them very much in the manner of the late Edmund Lester Pearson. Although I had known Mr. Train's excellent reporting of the Camorra trials, I had never associated him closely with this relentless and fascinating brand of prose. And yet I believe he is even more skillful in this field than he has been with the Ephraim Tutt stories. His exceptionally adroit handling of "The Hauptmann Case," "The Extradition of Charles F. Dodge," "The Leo Frank Case," and "The Patrick Case" suggest that it would be a fine thing if Mr. Train were to sit down and recapitulate much, much further. Third, "From the District Attorney's Office" winds up with seven chapters of miscellaneous legal *curiosa.* While it is interesting to encounter Mr. Train's comments about women as jurors, Blue Laws, marriage and the courts, and so on, I found this third section slightly anticlimactic.

But it is perhaps ungrateful of me to be speaking of anticlimaxes. After all, there is an easy and agreeable way around this. Read the last chapters first.

# Mississippi Titan

*BROAD IS THE WAY. By Emerson Waldman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1939. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

I HAVE not read Mr. Waldman's first novel, "The Land Is Large," to which this is a sequel, but if it has the merits of "Broad Is the Way" (and there are reports that say as much) then he has now behind him two extraordinarily strong and passionate books. Here he pursues further the fortunes of the Gabrielson family, centering upon the life and career of Joseph, son of the emigrant David. Joseph Gabrielson is a rising industrialist in the Mississippi towns; he is already owner of a chain of stores in Greenville and dabbler in the cotton market, and as we meet him he is pushing steadily upward, twisting and gouging among his competitors, playing with cotton and wheat futures, easing into politics with mad visions of the governor's chair dancing in his head. The study of the remorseless dog-fight for power is very good; just as good is the easy, expansive atmosphere of Greenville, Phoenix, Jackson, the whole broad Mississippi scene. This is not Faulkner's Mississippi now, not the tortured inner consciousness of the proud South, but Mississippi as it appears to one aggressive newcomer with his way to make—a dominion of careless, charming, unacquisitive people, and under their feet wealth all but untapped.

Joseph Gabrielson is the type of extrovert and forceful Jew as rare in modern literature as he is current

**Emerson Waldman**

in modern times. The only difference between him and, let us say, Dreiser's financier, Cowperwood, is not one of mind or character—they are the same there — but simply the accident of birth. Gabrielson has handicaps of which Cowperwood was free; he must step carefully around social prejudice, suspicion, the Klan, he must be secretive and circumspect where Cowperwood could smash more surely ahead. Yet he is as vigorous a person, as passionate and daring and amorous, as generous and as hard. Mr. Waldman has used a fine surrounding galaxy of characters to accent these qualities. The story does not come to a full stop, but seems to halt for the moment as at a breathing space. It is likely, and this is a wishful conjecture, that we are to hear more of the Gabrielsons.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Literature as Propaganda

BY HENRY HAZLITT

*Pinchot*

**Henry Hazlitt**

IT is not easy to say where propaganda in literature begins or ends. There was a time when I felt more confident that I knew where to draw the boundary line than I do now. In the broadest sense, propaganda is the spreading of a particular doctrine or a system of principles. But an artist can write very little without implying some view of the world, some attitude toward life, which he is seeking to have his reader share with him. Is he not guilty, to that extent, of a form of propaganda?

In this sense, literature and propaganda would be identical, and this is all that it would be necessary to say about the subject. But we cannot leave it that easily. All that we would have done, in that case, is to extend the application of the word propaganda so broadly that it would cease to have the meaning we give it when we are concerned about it as a problem. We shall have to try again.

Suppose we define propagandistic art as art which is not regarded by its creator as a sufficient end in itself, but merely as a means toward achieving some other end—usually some social reform—which its creator considers more important. This definition sounds more promising, but on examination it does not quite get us out of our difficulties. It is not easy to distinguish, in the first place, between art as an "end in itself" and art as a "means to some other end." Some of the world's greatest poets, dramatists, and novelists might not have understood the distinction, or have been able to say clearly just what their own purpose was in composing a given work. Indeed, if we take their own word for it, they often wrote a masterpiece as a means to some further end rather than for its own sake.

Molière, Racine, Richardson, Tolstoy are among the writers who have assured us that their main concern in writing was not "art" but the promotion of virtue.

Granting that an artist can write very little without implying some view of the world, is not the distinction between propagandistic and other literature really the distinction between the definite and the vague, the specific and the general? Here, I think, we are on the right track. Everybody would agree, I imagine, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a propagandistic novel. Not only is it directed toward a reform, but toward a very specific reform, the abolition of Negro slavery; and no one is left in doubt regarding its intention.

Advocates of radical propaganda in literature sometimes tell us that all literature is propagandistic anyway, because the literature that does not at least implicitly advocate communism is really a part of the system of apologetics for the capitalist status quo. But it is one thing to *advocate* capitalism in fiction; it is quite another merely to take it for granted or to assume that one's readers take it for granted. If we do not wish to deprive the adjective propagandistic as applied to literature of its descriptive usefulness, it hardly seems wise to include in it this unconscious acceptance of conventional values and standards on the part of authors.

Even if we confine ourselves to a fairly strict definition of propaganda, it is clear that our field in literature is an enormous one. So far as we are able to determine, the tale told with an ulterior purpose is at least as old as the tale told for its own sake. The earliest stories are religious myths, designed to implant an attitude, inculcate a moral, or point a warning. Fables and allegories have the same purpose. When we come to the written literature, we find propagandistic drama at least as far back as some of the plays of Aristophanes and Euripides. The line in drama is a long one. It continues through the religious and morality plays of the Middle Ages down to the plays of Ibsen, Shaw, and Clifford Odets, and it skips very few generations. Propaganda is as closely connected with the whole history of the novel as it is with that of the stage. It is often extremely difficult to know how to classify even some very famous books. Propaganda, we must not forget, need not necessarily take the form of solemn advocacy of a given attitude: it may consist merely in derision of its opposite. Voltaire's "Candide," for example, is a clear piece of propaganda against the philosophy of optimism.

And this brings us once again to the recognition that there is no sharp boundary line to be drawn between propagandistic and non-propagandistic work. Yet the mere absence of such a boundary line does not mean that the distinction is unimportant. It is impossible to tell at precisely what moment day becomes night; but this does not mean that there is no difference between them.

Making this distinction, then, what can we say about the duty of the writer? Shall he write propaganda or scrupulously avoid it? Even the perfunctory historical glance we have made over the field shows that it would be foolish to lay down any strict rule. But we can profitably point to some of the possibilities and dangers of the alternative courses.

The temptations to writing propaganda today—particularly propaganda on social questions—are probably greater than in any previous period. Its presence often assures more critical attention for a writer's work—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certainly in an influential group of periodicals—than he might hope to get without it. Novels with a social "message" of some sort are now apt to be treated as if they were for that reason alone more "important" than other novels. There is a group of so-called Marxist critics, indeed, who insist that it is today the novelist's duty to write fictional propaganda against the capitalist system and in favor of revolution.

The novelist of strong social feelings, moreover, has even more direct temptations to write propaganda in the guise of fiction. It is always open to him, of course, to agitate for reforms in a direct pamphlet; but with a novel, even if it is only ostensibly a novel, it is possible for him to reach a much wider audience. A direct argument will be read only by those who are already interested in a serious way in the subject the writer is discussing, while a novel may enlist the interest of people who have not previously thought much about the subject.

Finally, the propagandistic novel may not only reach a far wider audience than a direct argument, but it may affect that audience with a force that a direct argument could never achieve. No single tract that has been published since the war, no matter how able, has had anything like the effectiveness in producing pacifist sentiment as such novels as "Sergeant Grischa" and "All Quiet on the Western Front."

One reason for the propagandistic effectiveness of the novel as compared with the direct argument deserves special attention. It is hard to bring home the sufferings of great masses of men by mere objective, external description. If the reader's sympathies are to be fully enlisted, he must know intimately what these men thought and felt. There is no more effective way to make him feel that he has done this than the method of the novel, which isolates a single individual or a small group, tells us so much about them that we feel we know them almost as well if not better than we know the members of our families, and presents these few individuals as essentially typical of the mass. This was the method of "All Quiet" and "Sergeant Grischa." It is the method of John Steinbeck in presenting a single family to typify the "Okies" driven from the dust bowl to California.

But these great advantages of propagandistic literature are also accompanied by great dangers, both for the writer and for his reader. Even a very talented writer, intent upon a thesis in his fiction, runs the danger of subordinating his characters to this thesis. Instead of being interesting for their own sakes, instead of impressing you as living people who act on their own account, they then become obvious marionettes built to fit the plot and to prove the equation.

Propagandistic fiction, again, is a hybrid literary form which must suffer from its hybrid character. We are already familiar with this difficulty in other hybrid forms. There is, for example, the fictionized biography or the biographical or historical novel. How much of this, the reader keeps asking, is based on fact, and how much on the author's imagination? When biography is fictionized, it may, as the author fondly imagines, be much more "readable," but it has the grave disadvantage that the reader does not know how much of it to accept as authentic. It is so with the propagandistic novel. Certainly that form brings a point closer to the naive reader's feelings, but the critical reader is apt to wonder how much the dice are loaded. How typical is the alleged typical case? Were all the "Okies" driven from the dust bowl, for example, basically well-meaning, honest, industrious, like the Joad family? Were the local banks, the "Eastern banks," the native Californians, the employing fruit growers, all as cold-blooded, heartless, grasping, and cruel as "The Grapes of Wrath" represents them as being? Does not the volume get much of its force from its implicit assumption that there is an easy remedy for the evils it depicts in the abolition of the "system;" and is the implied alternative as easy as Steinbeck makes it seem?

These are some of the questions that arise even when a propagandistic novel is a work of undoubted skill and power. At its lowest level, of course, the propagandistic novel or play is too unreal and mechanical to be convincing or even interesting: the sheep are all on one side and the goats on the other: the characters are either white or black.

"I hate poetry," said Keats, "that has a palpable design upon me." That line points to the central difficulty of propaganda in all art. It has a design upon you, and the task of the writer is to prevent it from becoming a palpable one. It requires the highest skill to succeed in that task. It would be not only unfair but foolish to condemn all propagandistic work merely by pointing to the innumerable examples of bad propagandistic works, but they must forever stand as warnings.

It would probably not be an exaggeration to say that a full half of the serious novels published at present are actually propagandistic in intent or effect. What is much more remarkable than this, the propaganda is almost all in the same field and almost all on the same side of the question. It is not the religious or moral propaganda of which the past provides so many examples. It is not the propaganda in favor of greater sexual freedom, which overran fiction a decade ago. It is propaganda on what we now call social questions, and the overwhelming mass of it is on the "left."

There is, perhaps, nothing very strange about this. In Spain, long before the recent civil war, or even the republic, they used to say that the left is the side of the heart, while the right is that of the liver. It is not surprising that the sympathetic understanding of imaginative writers should draw them as a body to the side of the heart. But economic questions, unfortunately, are a little more complex than that. They cannot be solved by a mere alignment of sympathies, but only by expert and disinterested study. It is not always the mother, most concerned about the illness of her child, who can do most to cure him; it is the physician who can correctly diagnose that illness and knows the proper therapy. Now economics is as complicated as medicine. Yet the same writer who would not think he was achieving much by a bitter denunciation of cancer or infantile paralysis will take great pride in writing a novel that savagely attacks "the economic system," and implies that the solution is simple enough if his readers will only become sufficiently angry to act.

Predictions are always dangerous, but I think we shall be rather safe in guessing that there is likely to be a natural reaction against the present one-sidedness of propagandistic fiction. I do not mean that we shall have much direct propaganda on the other side. Fiction by its very nature addresses the emotions, and it is difficult to write emotional defense of the status quo. But I should not be surprised to see in the future some parodies and good-natured derision of the extremes to which some of the leftist authors have allowed their anger—or the literary fashion—to carry them.

A few words ought to be said, finally, about the advantages of *not* writing propaganda. Even if we accept the premises of the propagandistic novelists—that economic questions are the most important of our time, and that the answers they offer are the right ones—there is still a case to be made out even for so-called escape literature. After all, there is nothing particularly disgraceful in wishing sometimes to escape from what some of our literary critics so sternly call Reality. Particularly in an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

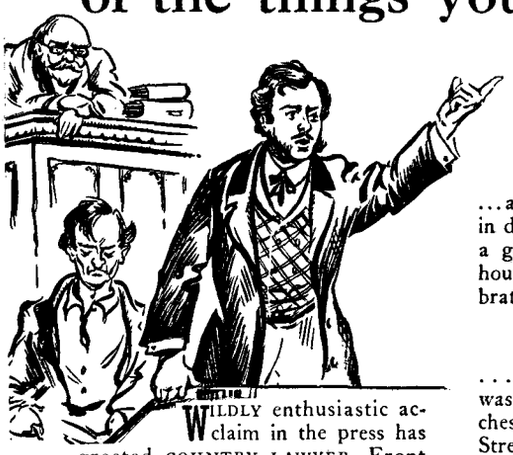
insane world which seems bent on rushing back to barbarism, the sane individual is hardly to be blamed if he finds a world of the imagination preferable to the real one, and sometimes takes refuge in it. His action is stupid or reprehensible only if he fancies that this refuge can be permanent; but it may be good enough for the hours he gives to reading fiction. Let us not forget that even Karl Marx, more enraged by the world he found than any other man of the nineteenth century, and more tenaciously devoted to changing it, did not hesitate to retreat from time to time to a dream world closer to his heart's desire. Perhaps his communism itself was such a dream world, a utopia where the immemorial problems of inequality and poverty and misery were solved—by definition. But wholly apart from our opinion of his doctrines, the fact remains that he not only read a great deal of fiction, and counted among his favorite writers such shameless romancers as Charles Lever, Paul de Kock, Sir Walter Scott, and the elder Dumas, but that he was a devotee of those still more obvious models of escape, checkers and chess. His son-in-law tells us that he even turned to algebra for moral consolation, and "would take refuge in it during the most painful moments of a storm-tossed life."

Somerset Maugham devotes some very sensible words to this whole subject in the introduction to his recent anthology of short stories. "The first demand the reader should make of a novel," he declares boldly, "is that it should entertain him; if it does not do this, whatever its other merits, it is a poor novel. Let no one think that entertainment is a cheap and shoddy thing, let him leave such a belief to the most snobbish and vulgar of the highbrows; entertainment is a form of pleasure and pleasure is in itself good. There is no need for pleasure to be unintelligent. One of the signs of culture is that you are able to extract pleasure from objects or events to which the ignorant are indifferent."

Such a defense of non-propagandistic literature, even of non-realistic literature, if you will, is certainly good enough. But we need not stop there. For non-propagandistic literature can also supply something higher than entertainment and better than propaganda; it can deepen and enrich the human spirit. It does not lose by neglecting the controversies and miseries of the moment for the eternal concerns of mankind.

*The foregoing article is based on an address given by Mr. Hazlitt at the Graduate Library School, University of Chicago.*


# If you're not one of the lucky thousands having the time of their lives with "COUNTRY LAWYER" here are a few of the things you're missing:



WILDLY enthusiastic acclaim in the press has greeted COUNTRY LAWYER. Front page reviews, feature stories, floods of letters from delighted readers accompany COUNTRY LAWYER on its triumphal march to best-sellerdom.

## 6th Large Printing
### COAST-TO-COAST BEST SELLER

**NEW YORK:** "The most glorious lesson in what constitutes great literature this reviewer has ever read. The drawings by Voorhies are works of human art."—*New York Sun*

**CHICAGO:** "As honest a picture of America as we have had from Sinclair Lewis or Grant Wood... a picture of the halcyon days of the small town... an assured best seller if we ever saw one."—*Chicago Daily News*

**LOS ANGELES:** "Recreates a little town all Americans will recognize as home. Whatever you do, fail not to possess yourself of a copy of COUNTRY LAWYER."—*Los Angeles Times*

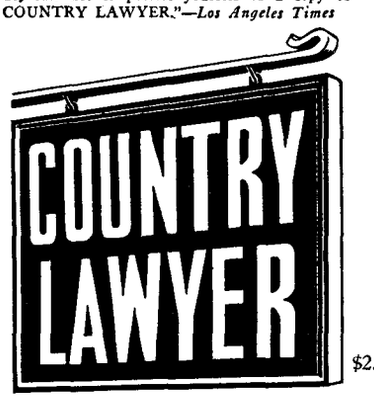
**FATHER'S FIRST CASE**
... and his magnificent patriotic speech in defense of the boys who had built a giant bonfire of the town's backhouses in the middle of town, to celebrate the Fourth of July.

**DRUNK? CERTAINLY**
... everybody knew Oswald Prince was tight as a tick when he raced his chestnut gelding up and down Main Street. But Father turned the tables on the village ladies who were anxious to testify.

**BETTER THAN A DIVORCE**
... was the tip Father gave to Mrs. Dilman. And the puzzled town never knew why her bullying husband suddenly became meek as a lamb.

**THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER**
... was proven when the minister prayed for rain—and got it! But when Father had to defend him in a suit for damage done by the lightning it took some fast thinking to save the day.

**"DEAD DOG"**
... was a favorite dish of all eight Partridge youngsters. No wonder Father was baffled when (with a Senator as guest at dinner) each child in turn said, "No thank you, Father. I'm not hungry."




$2.75

*The Story of My Father*

**By BELLAMY PARTRIDGE**

FULL OF AMUSING ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEPHEN J. VOORHIES

*No wonder the N. Y. Times Book Review says:* "COUNTRY LAWYER abounds in stories that Hollywood at its maddest would not dream of screening but that are fascinating commonplaces in any small town."

**Whittlesey House** McGRAW HILL BUILDING **New York**


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Politics of Empire

*CLIVE OF PLASSEY: A Biography. By A. Mervyn Davies. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1939. 496 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER THOMPSON

EMPIRE-builders seem born to suffer the double fate of becoming heroes of romantic legend and objects of investigation by parliamentary committees. Clive was no exception to this rule. The hero of Arcot and Plassey became the well-hated company and parliamentary politician and dictatorial Indian administrator. So divergent are the two traditions that they hardly seem to center around the same man. It is Mr. Davies's task to synthesize and reconcile the two and to show that the later, detested Clive developed naturally out of the "heaven-born general," in Pitt's famous phrase. This he does in a thoroughly documented, readable narrative, pointed with acute analysis and comment.

As the title of the book indicates, the author discovers the key to Clive's career in the battle of Plassey, a gambler's chance which turned out successfully and on which the victor staked his reputation and the future of India. His easy success in this battle and in his dealings with Indian princes led him to think that the East India Company or the British government could reap a rich annual reward of Indian revenues without any real responsibility. Against this eventuality the mercantile interest in control of the company determinedly set its face, desiring to limit its activities strictly to its original purpose of trade. After a bitter fight, which Clive made a matter of his personal honor, he carried his point, and the company took over the revenues of Bengal. From this to complete political control was a short and logical step. It was not the solution that Clive contemplated, but his winning of his own class, the landed proprietors who ruled England, to his view that land and not trade should be the basis of the company's wealth made inevitable the assumption of political responsibility. In this fact, as much as in his activities in India, Davies finds Clive's justification to be called the founder of the British Empire in India.

Davies does not overestimate Clive's achievement or belittle the contribution of other men—company directors, administrators, and soldiers—to the advance of British power in India. Nor does he attempt to whitewash his hero. Clive emerges from his pages a curiously unlovable and inscrutable person. A man of action who could hit with astonishing speed and effectiveness, he possessed the ability to accomplish his ends by the sheer weight of his dominant personality and the strength of his will. But he was often satisfied with superficial success, which he magnified out of all proportion to its real worth. His tragedy—and Davies regards his life as a fit subject for a tragedy rather than a romance—lay in the fact that he was motivated not by some overpowering idea for the future of India or even for the interests of the company or his country, but by his own overweening pride and ambition. These brought him to his early and clouded death. Magnaminity, which might have been his saving grace, he did not possess.

While Davies writes with enthusiasm, clarity, and insight, some readers may dislike the occasional loose historical generalizations and animadversions on contemporary affairs which have found their way into his pages. And, good as the book is, it might well have been shorter without destroying its value. As it is, it makes an exciting introduction into the politics of empire in eighteenth-century England and India.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 285)**

DANA:
"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

Only those who have been on distant voyages, and after a long absence received a newspaper from home, can understand the delight they give. I read every part of them,—the houses to let, things lost or stolen, auction sales, and all.

# A Practical Saint

*APOSTLE OF CHARITY: the Life of St. Vincent de Paul. By Theodore Maynard. New York: the Dial Press.* 1939. 319 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

ONE of the prime services of modern Catholic scholarship has been to blow away the mist of pious legend through which so many of the saints loom indistinctly alike. Sometimes the saint blows away with the mist, but for these losses a church which has no room on the calendar for nine-tenths of its heroes may feel compensated by the human variousness and solidity revealed in the remainder. The monumental researches of Father Pierre Coste have established the real personality of St. Vincent de Paul more solidly than would be possible for a saint less recent or less indefatigable a correspondent. Out of Father Coste's massive, scholarly volumes, Mr. Maynard had dug the materials for a vivid human portrait.

Indeed St. Vincent de Paul seems almost too human, too modern and understandable and matter-of-fact to be a saint. The peasant's son who carved out a career in the only field open to a peasant in seventeenth century France, the church, working for his education, getting himself ordained five years before the canonical age, pursuing a benefice with a persistence undaunted by rebuffs and debts too optimistically contracted, cheerfully turning even a term of slavery among the Moors to his account, and finally arriving, by dint of knowing the right people and taking the right advice, in a soft post with a rich family in Paris, showed virtues more adapted for success in this world than in the next. It is as impossible to be awed by him as it is not to like him. Even when he had made himself not only a power in the church, but a name blessed by tens of thousands, one still thinks of a very human, very hard-worked, practical executive relying less on inspiration than on tact, patience, and common sense. Mr. Maynard does his best with what criticism has left of a story of spiritual crisis and dramatic conversion, but little suggests any unfamiliar variety of religious experience in Vincent de Paul's life or much sympathy with any form of exaggeration, even exaggerated piety. Much has been made of his humility, but there is no medieval self-abasement in any authenticated story, only irony and self-knowledge, and perhaps a touch of that pride in humble origins commoner in our day than in his.

The church has room, however, for all kinds of saints; it honors Vincent de Paul precisely because he was a realist, hard-headed, clear-sighted, dreaming few dreams but turning all his energies to the work most obviously needed and closest at hand. For that work, the provision of a disciplined, educated secular clergy to serve the churches of France, half empty after the confusion of the Civil Wars, and the relief of the appalling destitution to which Richelieu's and Mazarin's administrations had reduced whole provinces, Vincent de Paul trusted organization rather than emotion, and the machinery he devised played a significant part in the revival of the church under Louis XIV. Much of it still serves today, less altered than one would expect.

If there is a criticism of this book about him, it is that one would like to know more of the details of St. Vincent's work. Mr. Maynard treats it in a series of compactly organized topical chapters which take up nearly half his book (St. Vincent's life was so merged in his work that he has no biography apart from it), but his biographer has apparently suffered a little

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the fear that readers would find these chapters dull. They are not. They would not be if they were twice as long. The material is fascinating, and Mr. Maynard's presentation has all the skill and charm one has come to expect of him. This is a Catholic Book-of-the-Month, but its interest knows no religious frontiers.

## Non-Combatants Can't Win

*WHAT WILL HAPPEN AND WHAT TO DO—WHEN WAR COMES. Edited by Larry Nixon, Elmer C. Walzer, C. Norman Stabler, Jack Foster, W. W. Chaplin, and Malcolm Logan. New York: The Greystone Press.* 1939. 272 *pp., with index.* $2.25.

Reviewed by R. Ernest Dupuy

WRITTEN with a new slant and threaded with gloom is this timely symposium by five newspaper men, edited by a sixth. In terse newspaper style it covers all things that the man in the street and his family should know about the far-reaching effects of war upon people. Summed up, the authors' theme is: You can't win, even if your country be victorious. No discussion here of arms and armament, but rather of the impact of totalitarian war on a country.

The authors have made a sincere—although not always successful—effort to handle their subjects in objective, dispassioned style. Elmer Walzer, United Press financial expert, tells of "Your Property." C. Norman Stabler, *New York Herald-Tribune* financial editor, writes with authority on "Your Business," and "Your Job." Jack Foster of the *New York World-Telegram* discusses "Your Living Requirements." W. W. Chaplin of International News Service, who knows of war at first hand both as soldier and as war correspondent, forecasts out of his experiences "Your Person," and Malcolm Logan of the *New York Post* presents "The Bill—Win or Lose."

The sober citizen should welcome the opportunity to know what all the grim business of war may mean to him, because—if war does come—he is going to be an active partner. Perhaps the authors have stressed too far the restrictions which may be imposed in war time. Perhaps they became pontifical in their horrendous prophecies; prophecies on war are risky. They do show, and this is the crux of the matter, that war can be waged to successful conclusion only by a determined people, united in thought, in coöperation, in effort—in other words, by following the principles of the art of war.

## You Must Relax

*ASLEEP IN THE AFTERNOON. By E. C. Large. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1939. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

THERE are many things to be said of this latest novel by the author of "Sugar in the Air," but the first is to recognize its high entertainment value. The stories, for there is a novel within a novel here, gather speed under a constant barrage of amusing asides and witty comment. There is a stimulating exuberance about the book; one can never imagine Mr. Large looking about for an idea, rather he seems to be elbowing them away trying to confine his novel to a conventional length. "Asleep in the Afternoon" is actually a serious criticism of contemporary insanities, but the first impact is one of gayety and challenge, the first reaction one of pleased surprised at something out of the ordinary in fiction.

The first hero is Charles Pry, a young Englishman with a wife but without a job. Instead of worrying over this situation, he spends happy afternoons asleep on the floor under the piano. And gradually out of these cat-nappings certain recurring figures begin to take on life and follow their own pursuits in the mind of Charles. He confides some of their antics to his wife and decides to write a book. From this point on the novel tells the stories of the Booms and the Prys alternately, and the effect is a little like the old Chinese box arrangement: Mr. Large is writing a book about the Prys called "Asleep in the Afternoon" and Mr. Pry is writing a book about the Booms called "Asleep in the Afternoon."

Hugo Boom has invented a little gadget which, when placed behind the human ear will, within a few minutes, induce pleasant and relaxing sleep. A boon to insomniacs and escapists. Worry presses? Apply the Boom sleep-easy and forget it all. The possibilities of this soporific little instrument on religion, politics, war, love, literature, and what not are tremendous. And when added to this Hugo invents an improvement which will produce hallucinations of the most alluring nature, the boom of the Boom sleep-inducer is non-stoppable.

Hugo is a mousy little man actually interested in invention and desirous only of forgetting the world and being by the world forgot: but his wife, Agatha, is one of the major forces of the book. She is all sweetness and light, but she is sweetness and light in terrific action. With the best will in the world, she takes up the exploitation of the Boom sleep-inducer; she lectures on its merits and relates it to all that is most worthy in human endeavor. Her speeches are models of non sequitur and good intention. Agatha is too big to be described, but the author has given her a riotous reality in his pages.

E. C. Large is a scientist and philosopher as well as an artist and all these aspects find place in his novel. It has depth as well as surface brilliance and will make readers think as well as laugh. "Asleep in the Afternoon" will remind some readers of the work of Julian Huxley and others of that of the earlier H. G. Wells but it has a mellowness lacked by the former and a stricter sense of form than the latter; comparisons are still dangerous as well as odious, and this novel stands nicely on its own merits, offering its own particular values.

*The Biography of a Fantastic Genius!*

Arthur Rimbaud

*by Enid Starkie*

Rimbaud has perhaps been the subject of more speculation and controversy than any other literary figure in modern times. Following his strange and violent affair with Verlaine, Rimbaud dropped out of sight and was regarded as dead by literary Paris. He had, however, embarked on an amazing second life as gun-runner, slave dealer and explorer in Africa. When, at the end of his short life, he returned to die in his native France, his presence was known only to his family in the little town where he was born. Paris, meanwhile, was hailing him as the greatest of French poets. Making use of hitherto unknown material, the author has been able to penetrate the blank wall of mystery that has surrounded Rimbaud's life, to reveal at last a full-length portrait of a genius whose work has profoundly influenced modern poetry.

Illustrated with photos. $3.75

*"BOOKS THAT LIVE"*

W·W·Norton & Co., 70 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Dickens Sensation

BY JOHN HADFIELD

"I LOVED my father better than any man in the world . . . I loved him for his faults. My father was a wicked man—a very wicked man." These are the words of Kate Perugini—Kitty, third child of Catherine and Charles Dickens, who died on May 9, 1929, aged eighty-nine, and who is the subject of Gladys Storey's book, "Dickens and Daughter," recently published in London.

Mrs. Perugini, who was the model for the girl in Millais's picture, The Black Brunswicker, and who was the wife first of Charles Collins, contributor of *All the Year Round,* and later of Carlo Edward Perugini, an Anglo-Italian painter, probably knew more about the intimate details of Charles Dickens's life than anyone except his lawyer son, Sir Henry Dickens. Whereas Sir Henry Dickens cherished his father's good name with religious awe and jealousy, Kate Perugini took a realistic view of him. In her later years she wrote a life of Dickens, clearing her mother of the false accusations made against her at the time when Charles and Catherine Dickens separated. Before she died, however, she burnt the manuscript of it. "I told only half the truth about my father," she said, "and a half-truth is worse than a lie. For this reason I destroyed what I had written. But the truth *must* be told when the time comes—after my death."

Her intimate friend, Gladys Storey, promised to undertake the fulfilment of her wish, "hearing from her own lips the unvarnished truth." One wishes one could say that "the truth," as now published in Miss Storey's "Dickens and Daughter," is "unvarnished." But unfortunately it is decorated with a hundred and one naive and inconsequent frills and anecdotes which almost obscure the real essence of the book. The major tragedy of Catherine Dickens's life seems scarcely more important to Miss Storey than the fact that Dickens disliked his children's using the expression "awfully nice," or that Mrs. Perugini put a photograph of a Major Lygon's chauffeur's fiancée upon her mantelpiece next to a postcard from Bernard Shaw, "whom, by a slip of the tongue, she once called 'Bernard Bore.'"

In spite of its small talk and inconsequence, however, "Dickens and Daughter" is a valuable confirmation, through the words of a first-hand witness, of the domestic conflict in Dickens's life. Most of the story of his encounter with "the small, fair-haired, rather pretty actress," Ellen Lawless Ternan, is known by hearsay. Through Mrs. Perugini's words, as reported by Miss Storey, the affair is brought out into the daylight. "He had the world at his feet. She was a young girl of eighteen, elated and proud to be noticed by him." "As for Dickens," Miss Storey comments, "a flush of youth was rekindled within him . . . He pursued the realization of it with the same energy and thoroughness he applied to everything he set his heart on doing." Everyone today can understand Dickens's middle-aged passion for this girl. What is shocking is the further revelation of his behavior to his wife. It was a pity, he said, "he ever fell in her way." In Mrs. Perugini's words:

> My father was like a madman when my mother left home; this affair brought out all that was worst — all that was weakest in him. He did not care a damn what happened to any of us. Nothing could surpass the misery and unhappiness of our home.

Every shred of evidence regarding former domestic disagreements was raked up and used as a justification of the separation to the outside world. Georgina Hogarth and Mamie Dickens sided with Dickens. His eldest son acceded to his wishes. Mrs. Perugini took her mother's part as far as she could, but Dickens insistently impressed on them that "their father's name was their best possession." The idol of Victorian respectability remained on its pedestal. The perpetuation of Dickens's "good name" through two thirds of a century is one of the triumphs of domestic hush-hush and moral humbug.

There is not perhaps very much in Miss Storey's book that was not suggested in C. E. Bechofer Roberts's "This Side Idolatry," which, although cast in the form of fiction, raised a storm of abuse and calumny some years ago. But "Dickens and Daughter" has intensely revealing moments, as in the account of Mrs. Perugini finding her mother in tears because Dickens had ordered her, at the start of his association with the girl, to go and visit Ellen Ternan. "You shall not go!" exclaimed the young Kate, in anger. But Catherine Dickens had to go. Convention and the respectability of Mr. Dickens had to be preserved. Such was the creator of Mr. Pecksniff.

"We like," said Mrs. Perugini, "to think of our geniuses as great characters—but we can't." "Dickens and Daughter" confirms some of our worst suspicions about Dickens the man, whilst detracting not a whit from the greatness of his work. It finally removes the Victorian conception of Dickens, and in so doing makes him a much more interesting character. It is unfortunate that such a significant book should be so slipshod and inconsequent; but although it has rightly been criticized there is little reason to question the validity of Mrs. Perugini's testimony which it contains.

Tom Darlow, of the *Daily Herald,* who assisted Bechofer Roberts in research for "This Side Idolatry," says: "I feel we must accept Mrs. Perugini as a witness unreservedly. Her account of the whole sad business hangs together and makes it understandable for the first time." The London *Times Literary Supplement,* in a plaintive and more-in-sorrow-than-anger attempt to preserve the Victorian "restraint," hints that old age upset Mrs. Perugini's judgment. Bernard Shaw has effectively replied to this.

> My last conversation with her, [Mr. Shaw writes] took place shortly before her death. Her mind was not in the least enfeebled. I have no doubt that Miss Storey has carried out the wishes of Mrs. Perugini in publishing her book. And I have the best reason for believing that Mrs. Perugini first took up the matter at her mother's request. The facts of the case may be in bad taste. Facts often are.


*Now, More Than Ever...*

**THE LIVING AGE**

**The World in Review**

The September issue of THE LIVING AGE was the only American magazine to carry a special last-minute bulletin on the European war situation, bound in after the magazine was already off the press.

Such service is typical of THE LIVING AGE, which already has its pipelines cleared to every front, to every G.H.Q. More than 25 crisp articles, stories, features on national and international affairs every month. During the dark times to come you will need the sane, informed guidance of

**THE LIVING AGE**

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—**
**6 MONTHS ONLY $2!**
**(Regular Subscription Rate $6 a Year)**

***Mail This Coupon Today***

THE LIVING AGE SRL-916
420 Madison Avenue
New York City

Here is $2 for which please send me 6 months' of *The Living Age.*

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Child's Mind

*THE SECRET OF CHILDHOOD. By Maria Montessori. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.* 1939. 286 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE ADAMS

THIS, or at least so its publishers say on the jacket, is "A Book for All Parents and Teachers." It may not be just that, but it is certainly a book which everyone who has a genuine curiosity about that strange, anomalous, contradictory sphere of human nature—the mind of a little child—will welcome and enjoy.

Though Dr. Montessori is best known throughout the world as the inventor of the pedagogical method which bears her name, she is also one of the shrewdest and, in its fundamental sense, most scientific observers of young children that ever lived. Here she has written a book which belongs with the few classics on child psychology, almost in spite of herself—and certainly with very little help from Barbara Barclay Carter who has not only translated it but seen fit to "edit" it, too, by chopping every chapter up into arbitrary sections which she introduces with supposedly arresting headlines and interlards with irrelevant quotations from the works of Alice Maynard. Also, Dr. Montessori's own Christian piety, and her devotion to Jesus and St. Francis and the birds and flowers, intrudes itself into almost every other page in the most inopportune way; even her interpretation of the biological sciences comes just a little too close to lushness. Yet when she forgets these larger issues and is content to describe the real children whom she has learned to know so well, she has no superiors and only a half dozen equals in the whole history of child psychology.

Few adults, she says, no matter how much they pretend to love a child, really like him or want to be with him. And all the things they fondly believe they do for his good—things like buying him pretty clothes and rubber sheets and modern cribs, providing him with competent nurses and tutors, and making him take daily naps and follow a set routine—they are doing not for his comfort and welfare but for their own convenience. But those who will take the trouble really to know a child, not as a brat to be disciplined and taught but as a creature whose mind is as strange to us oldsters as that of an Igorot or a chimpanzee, will find their study rewarding. And as Dr. Montessori tells us how children, contrary to common belief, do not prefer large bright objects but those which are so tiny and vague as to lie just this side of the threshold of consciousness; and how, again, they derive their highest pleasure not from change and surprise and excitement but from discovering with a never-ending wonder the complete *status quo* of their surroundings—you know that what she tells is true, just as you know Koehler's interpretation of the mental processes of apes is true.

One searches in vain for any reference to Koehler or his psychological colleagues in this book. And yet Dr. Montessori's exposition of how the child's mind is not a hodgepodge, but an essentially orderly arrangement, is the greatest confirmation that the Gestalt theory has received in twenty years.

# The Criminal Record

**The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction**

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE CHIFFON SCARF<br>*Mignon G. Eberhart*<br>(Doubleday, Doran: $2.) | Airplane test-flight disaster starts sequence of slayings that concludes on dude-ranch run by retired detective who hasn't lost cunning. | Beautiful girls—some good, some bad. Handsome men—ditto. Alla-time trouble. Sleuthing not astounding but suspense extra tense. | High-test |
| TRAGEDY IN THE HOLLOW<br>*Freeman Wills Crofts*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Wealthy English angel of marine gambling hell fatally smitten on stroll ashore. Bluff Insp. French contemplates unbustable alibis. | Lengthy but interesting build-up, followed by methodical, unspectacular, and wholly satisfactory deduction *à la français.* | Slow but sure |
| DEAD AND DONE FOR<br>*Robert Reeves*<br>(Knopf: $2.) | New York play producer plugged by parties unknown. Cops suspect fashion-plate gangster, whose brainy henchman, Cellini Smith, plays lone sleuth. | Underworld yarn with interesting new slant and explosive finish. Much shooting, slugging, sozzling, bad language—and something popping every second. | Tough stuff |
| LIAR DICE<br>*J. S. Mosher*<br>(Simon & Schuster: $2.) | New addition to American consular staff at Tientsin falls plop into double murder and seething intrigue. Anglo-American combine untangles all. | Well-drawn Chinese background with warlords, slinky females, hard drinking whites, amatory entanglements, adds zip to semi-pro detecting. | Exotic |
| IT IS NOT SAFE TO KNOW<br>*Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*<br>(Doubleday, Doran: $2.) | Psychic Jugoslav fatally conked at nerve-wracked country-house gathering. Local British coppers reach solution. | Mystery overshadowed by mystic mumbo-jumbo and much perfervid sentiment. Some specially spooky scenes and highly fantastic finish. | Weird |
| RED ROPE<br>*Francis Gerard*<br>(Dutton: $2.) | English artist, mayor, millionaire, and others throttled by "cuerda roja." Detective John Meredith stops wholesale slaughter. | Lurid potpourri of mass murder, tank melo, romance, and doubtful humor—with gentleman cracksman and pal for good measure. | Penny dreadful |


*Has the "Night Over England" lifted?*

A short while ago two discerning American writers wrote a penetrating little book out of their personal experience in an England torn by the crisis of September, 1938. Today this vivid, beautifully written book takes on new significance. Is their deep fear for England's doom now being justified? Or is a new, more democratic England arising? This book raises questions which it is more vital than ever before to answer. You cannot afford to miss

**Night Over England**

**by Eugene and Arline Löhrke**

***a Harrison-Hilton Book***

h|d


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The New Books

## Belles Lettres

*THE BURNING ORACLE: Studies in the Poetry of Action. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford.* 1939. 292 *pp.* $4.25.

In a day when too many scholars shun the ordeal of public appearance unless invulnerably armored with fact, there should be a special welcome for G. Wilson Knight's "The Burning Oracle," which is a volume of pure opinion—sans dates, notes, bibliography, and index. The book consists of critical essays on Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Pope, and Byron. Not that the opinions expressed will find acceptance in all quarters: like most interesting writers, Professor Knight has his biases. Much of his literary criticism is conditioned by his belief that great art stems from the union of "the parental-filial and erotic impulses." He finds great significance in the "bisexuality" of Shakespeare and Byron, his two principal heroes in this work. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that, whether generally valid or not, Mr. Knight's psychological theories are responsible for certain dubious literary judgments. This is suggested by his extravagant praise of Byron's art and by his poorly-conceived estimate of Milton. His best essay, that on Pope, owes least to psychology. Yet the book as a whole profits by the vigorous expression (often cast in richly figurative phraseology) of original points of view. Mr. Knight sometimes writes unconvincingly and sometimes obscurely, but he always writes with warmth and individuality.

A. C.

## Fiction

*THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Appleton-Century.* 1939. 375 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is the story of three generations of women: Felicia, who in the years after the Civil War fought for her right to get an education; her daughter Phyllis, for whom education was accepted, but who had to fight for the right to use her leisure as she chose; and Fidelity, Phyllis's daughter, who was allowed education and independence, and broke through all remaining prejudice to contract—with the divorced husband of a friend—a marriage as romantic and enduring as her grandmother's had been. It is worth observing that though the emancipated Felicia never forgave her mother for refusing to tell her the facts of life, she similarly withheld them from Phyllis; and Phyllis herself in turn dodged Fidelity's questions. Certainly Fidelity will be frank with her daughter, if she has one; in fact, she will probably ram information into her with such violence that the child will be as damaged as any of her forebears.

Mrs. Bacon's picture of the generations is more interesting than any of the figures she has chosen as symbols.

K. S.

*THE GREEN MONEY. By D. E. Stevenson. Farrar & Rinehart.* 1939. 308 *pp.* $2.

However many novels D. E. Stevenson writes, it seems that she will always be known as the author of the Miss Buncle books. "The Green Money" has no Miss Buncle in it, but it too treats of pleasant, erratic people whose mission in life is to entertain rather than instruct the followers of their adventures.

The money is not "green" because of unripeness, nor because it is in American bills, but because it belongs to old Mr. Green, and what is to happen to it when he dies is what makes the plot of the story. One of the things to develop early is the trusteeship of the Green estate by young George Ferrier. And into that bargain goes Mr. Green's beautiful daughter as ward. Complications ahead. But George does not fall in love with his ward; that pleasant fate is left for an old friend of George's, and the old friend's sister becomes George's fate. So the nicely criss-crossed love interest runs along with the other details of the plot until the happy end. But it is more in the telling that the fun lies. Miss Stevenson writes with freshness and energy and with a great deal of good-natured wit.

No one can accuse Miss Stevenson of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole but she does view it with amusement herself and is able to portray it as such to readers who want their fiction to have that humorous detachment from reality.

G. G.

## Medicine

*MAN AGAINST MICROBE. By Joseph W. Bigger. Macmillan.* 1939. 304 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Professor Bigger begins his exposition with a tribute to a seventeenth-century Dutchman, one Antony van Leeuwenhoek, draper, surveyor, gauger, chamberlain, and finally the first microbiologist of all time. It was insatiable curiosity rather than a passion for science that led this engaging amateur to find time amongst his varied responsibilities to make the microscope that was to bring him fame as the first man in history to see and describe those minute organisms we know as microbes. It was a clumsy affair, but peering through it he saw enough to arouse the interest even of Britain's august Royal Society. Nevertheless no one thought to connect his discoveries with disease for more than two hundred years. Then came the brilliant researches of Pasteur and Koch, and the war between mankind and microbes was begun. Its progress in a mere half-century will always stand as one of man's greatest achievements. The story has been told many times in recent years, but with more drama and fewer technical details than Professor Bigger offers. As a scientist and a teacher Professor Bigger has little of the dramatic persuasiveness of the De Kruif school of "popularizers." We respect his knowledge and admire his sincerity, but we could wish that his style were less pedestrian, less that of the text-book writer.

The first part of the book is taken up with describing what bacteria are, how they are grown and studied in laboratories, how the body chemistry reacts to them and protects us from their poisons. Much of this is pretty hard sledding for the casual reader. The second part describes the development of microbiology, and since this is largely historical narrative, it is easier reading. The third deals with the diseases of microbe origin.

The scientifically inclined reader will assuredly find here all he needs to know about microbes. Moreover he can read with the assurance that even if they demand effort and concentration for their understanding, the facts have not been watered to meet popular taste.

M. S. U., M.D.

## Miscellaneous

*HEROES OF THE AIR. By Chelsea Fraser. Crowell.* 1939. 846 *pp.* $2.50.

This standard work, which has reached almost the status of an annual since its original publication in 1926, gives a chronology of oustanding aviation events since the invention of the airplane, and human interest narratives of outstanding flights. The language is simple, the technical details suppressed. Dr. Eckener, Lindbergh, Kingsford-Smith, and Howard Hughes soar through its pages as human beings rather than thinking-machines attached to the machines they control. As there has been no revision of the earlier pages since 1927, each year sees new matter added, with the result that in the later pages of the continually larger book the sketches are shorter and tend to be slightly less interesting. This year's additions are brief narratives of the transatlantic flights of the pick-a-back *Mercury* and the *Yankee Clipper* passenger service; of Johnny Jones's transcontinental run; of the near-tragic venture of the Soviet World's Fair flyers; and of Ted Bellak's remarkable trip across Lake Michigan in a glider.

F. P.

**MAN TRACK HERE**
*by August Derleth*
"He is refreshingly free from addled ideologies, and very much in the great tradition of English poetry." — The *New York Times Book Review*
**$2.00**
AT YOUR BOOKSHOP
**RITTEN HOUSE - PHILA., PA.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IN the *Publishers' Weekly* for August 1, 1914, *The Salamander* by Owen Johnson was advertised as "the best-selling novel in America." 500,000 copies of Harold Bell Wright's *Eyes of the World* had been sold. The price of a novel in those days was $1.35. The *P. W.* editorialized the following week: "It seems incredible that the assassination of a Hapsburg prince in an obscure town in Bosnia should affect the collections of a small bookseller in Northern Ohio; but so closely interwoven is this fabric of international independence that some such nexus between causation and effect has been indubitably shown to exist . . . In that great classic of international polity, *The Great Illusion,* Mr. Angell tells us that no nation, onlooker, victor or vanquished, ever in the long run profits financially or otherwise by war . . . Yet the United States is, in the present well-nigh unique situation, given a most fortunate opportunity . . . To take every financial advantage of the present opportunity is in no sense a heartless capitalizing of others' misfortune, but in reality one of the surest and most genuine of aids to the unfortunate contestants. It will help neither winner nor loser to face on the North American continent a sister nation in business depression . . . Bursting warehouses, overtime-working factories, overloaded railroads and genuine and general prosperity—that is the best lift Americans can offer the world at large this fall!" ☞By August 15 Scribners ran an ad headed "War Creates Demand—for good books on the countries involved," listing *Germany and the Germans* by Price Collier, *The France of Today* by Barrett Wendell, *England and the English* by Price Collier, *Modern Russia* by Gregor Alexinsky, *The Hapsburg Monarchy* by H. W. Steed. ☞"A Story of War in the Making," announced by Little, Brown, turned out to be *The Vanished Messenger* by E. Phillips Oppenheim. ☞Macmillan had *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* by Jack London and *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* by H. G. Wells; two new Wells novels on the Dutton list were *The World Set Free* and *The Wonderful Visit.* ☞The Oz book of 1914 was *Tik-Tok of Oz.* ☞On September 5 the *P. W.* indignantly refused to credit a rumor that the English, French, and Russian pavilions at the Leipzig Graphic Arts Exhibit had been burned. ☞Appleton announced *The War and America* by Hugo Münsterberg: "The author is the well known psychologist of Harvard University. He is personally acquainted with the German Kaiser . . . " ☞September 19, the *P. W.* had an editorial headed, "Some War Opportunities Being Lost," suggesting that publishers readvertise books of earlier seasons bearing on the international situation. ☞In reply to a questionnaire the following week, eight publishers said that their business had improved since the beginning of the war; nine said that the war had interrupted a prosperous year. ☞The fiction best sellers of 1914 were *Eyes of the World, Pollyanna,* Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup, The Salamander,* and William J. Locke's *The Fortunate Youth.*

☞The Limited Editions Club has sent us some sketches made by John Farleigh, preliminary to his wood-engravings used as illustrations for the L. E. C. edition of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah.* The sketches were submitted to Shaw, who wrote his comments on them. We reproduce two of them herewith. On the drawing of Eve Shaw wrote: "This is a lovely design; but the unlucky suggestion of an elephant's trunk on the left should be quite unmistakeably the serpent whispering to Eve. This will make the otherwise disappointing concealment of her face quite right." And on the family group (Adam, Eve, and Cain): "Adam is far too saintly. He should be the rugged stupid digger with his heart in the ground. Eve's gaze of motherly contempt should go straight to Cain's face. But Cain should be reduced to a seated figure (on his hunters) looking up at them."

☞Not long ago we received a special edition of the literary trimestrial *Mesures,* which is published in Paris by combined American-French editorial effort. This number is called "Homage à la Littérature Americaine" and is a collection of excerpts from a variety of Americana, ranging from Cotton Mather and Franklin, through Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman, to Archibald MacLeish and John Dos Passos. The balance of selection tends

toward verse rather than prose, and we think the translations remarkably good. In several cases the English original has been appended; we find it very amusing as well as enlightening to collate Emily Dickinson in the two languages. The editors explain that the prospect of successful rendering into French and a desire to avoid already-publicized American authors largely influenced their choice. With this intelligent reservation, they hope the volume will be considered not so much representative as indicative of "la ressource américaine."

## Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

tor on the Dow theory. If one notes the many errors which he has made in presenting his Dow theory fancies, one suspects that he might much better have reviewed the other eighty per cent of the book and left the Dow theory alone.

In view of the generous space which you gave to this review, I wish to correct the false opinions of the Dow theory which your readers who are unfamiliar with it obtained.

First: Barron's business index has no relation whatever to the Dow theory.

Second: There is only *one* Barron's business index.

Third: Hamilton did not expound the theory in 1896 with Dow because Hamilton did not become associated with Dow on *The Wall Street Journal* until 1909.

Fourth: The changes in the railroad industry in no way affect the successful operation of the theory. The *price level* of the twenty stocks in the railroad average has no relation to the theory's operation.

Fifth: The SEC regulations have

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not affected the operation of the Dow theory as the sharp 1937-38 bear market adequately proved.

Sixth: The theory functions soundly in connection with *major* market trends—not with lesser trends as is stated.

Seventh: The author did not claim he had "discovered" the theory's forecasting ability, having made the opposite painfully clear.

Eighth: Nor did the author claim to have mastered the theory's "intracacies," having made it most apparent that he sought guidance at critical points from the leading Dow theory commentators, as do many Dow theory students.

Ninth: The author did not find the investment services "in sharp disagreement" at the start of the 1937-38 bear market, having made it perfectly evident that ninety per cent of twenty-five services then agreed upon the market outlook.

Tenth: Nor did the author claim any "infallibility" for the theory, having indicated emphatically that certain developments *could* take place which would render the theory unworkable. He did not imply that these developments *would* materialize.

CLARK BELDEN

Boston, Mass.

## Cutcliffe Hyne

SIR:—Cutcliffe Hyne merits all the kind words pronounced over him by Quercus a few weeks ago; he also deserves to have his name spelled correctly. It's Hyne, not Hype. To drive the point home, I acquired this day a copy of "The Marriage of Captain Kettle" for fifteen cents, from the eminently satisfactory bookshop in the General Electric Building at Lexington and Fifty-First. (Any member in good standing of the Baker Street Irregulars should repair to the Doyle shelf without delay; it includes a first edition of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" with the Paget drawings). Now I am alternating Captain Owen Kettle (the Hornblower of steam) with "Captain Horatio Hornblower" (the Kettle of sail). Was it Watt who discovered steam-power in a Kettle?

"McTodd in the Arctic" is another first-rate Hyne; so is "The Lost Continent," the most convincing account of the destruction of Atlantis I ever read, except the Atlantis episode in E. Nesbit's "The Story of the Amulet" (part three of "The Five Children"). Several of my Hyne novels were sent from London by the late Randolph Edgar of the *Northwestern Miller,* who also contributed George Griffith's "A Honeymoon in Space." Mr. Fletcher Pratt should look into that one, or perhaps he read it originally in the old *Pearson's Magazine,* as your correspondent did.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.


## CLASSIFIED

*ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

### FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Good Books. Particularly Walt Whitman and Lewis Carroll. Our catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

### LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS! WE'LL HELP SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPT! We market novels, stories, books, juveniles, articles, verse, plays, scenarios. Constructive criticism, ghost-writing, editing, typing, research at moderate fees. Every writer assured personal attention. Send for our free booklet "New Approach to the Author's Marketing Problems." LYONS & ETTER, 280 Madison Avenue (40th), N. Y. C.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our result-ful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st, N. Y. C.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 1142—4th Avenue, Los Angeles, California, REpublic 8644.

PAULINE RESNIKOFF—MANUSCRIPTS—excellently typed—corrected. Sincere, intelligent PERSONAL ATTENTION. MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE, 242 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.—LExington 2-4770.

MOST AUTHORS NEED HELP! SALES! to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign; also motion picture scripts. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park St., Boston, Mass.

STORIES, books, verse, drama, criticized, revised, marketed. Send MSS. No reading charge. Theses, speeches, ghost writing, reviews. MARANATHA WRITERS-SPEAKERS, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED SALES SERVICE for royalty publication: Stories, Novels, Articles, Books. Established manuscript placement record. "New" and "unknown" authors advised, promoted. Write for information. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd St., N. Y.

RESEARCH: Bibliographical, historical, textual. Translation, etc. Charges moderate, reliability assured. Michael Rothkrug, c/o Yale University Library.

RESEARCH SERVICE—Information gathered and summarized for busy writers, public speakers, advertisers and executives. Exceptional experience. References. Elise T. Corsa, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

### BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Albums loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES — Samples 10c. Heraldic Bookplate Crafters, Calumet City, Ill.

ETCHED, to order, $5—(100). A. Kubisch, New Berlin, N. Y.

### BARGAIN OFFERS

500,000 Used Books
Out of Print Books Searched For
Wants Receive Prompt Attention
SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, INC.
80 Fourth Avenue, New York

### FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue (56th), New York's only French Bookshop where French books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder Catalogue, 20c stamps.

## CLASSIFIED

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. Our system locates books of every description, all subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. London publications specialized in. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street. Dept. 300, New York, Telephone BRyant 9-5214. (Established 1931).

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SOURCE AND OUT-OF-PRINT book specialists for Authors, Collectors, Librarians, Researchers. Louis Greenfield, 420 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

OUR SERVICE CONSISTS of supplying items for your Library which you cannot easily obtain. We are equipped to provide Out-of-Print Books, Periodicals, Prints, Autographs, and Art reproductions — foreign and domestic. A letter regarding your requirements will bring prompt attention without obligation. INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY GUILD, 1860 Broadway, Dept. B, New York.

### GENERAL

LIFE HOLDS LESS MYSTERY for those who understand astrology. And Wynn's Astrology Magazine is written so you CAN understand. It helps you help yourself.

## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

**SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL**—An old time country inn at the water's edge — outdoor dining terraces. Booklet, Norwalk, Conn. Tel 88.

**"GREEN SHADOWS"**, Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful year-round vacation place. Good food. Reasonable rates.

**WANTED.** Copies of "The Man Who Rocked the Earth" also "The Ring," both by Arthur Train. State price and condition of books, addressing W. P. Casson, 1000 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, California.

**VERMONT HOMES AND FARMS** reasonably priced, candidly described. Ask Realty Associates, Brattleboro, Vermont for catalog or consult E. T. Van de Water, 11 Park Place, Manhattan.

**"HILLSIDE INN"**, Lyme, Conn. Quiet and restful. Excellent food. Real country life.

**BRIGHT DAYS**—Bracing nights. Peaceful weekends with pleasant company. Grand food. Two hours from city. Christian. The Farm on the Hill, Box 413, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

**FOR RENT:** Spacious 8 room house completely furnished. 3 bed rooms, 3 bath rooms, maid's quarters. 3 acres garden and fruit trees in Montecito. Mountain view. Ideal for sabbatical holiday. Near good schools, beach. Moderate terms for minimum 6-month lease. Agents: Ogilvie and Gilbert, Santa Barbara.


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

**WHAT HOME** in Manhattan will provide at reasonable rates 1 or 2 meals daily for young music-instructor? Also, if possible, a room to hold instructor plus medium grand piano. AC current much desired. Please answer quickly. E. T. C., care H. S. C., Saturday Review.

**"WHENCE? WHITHER? WHY?"** What is Life, and Death? Are we Immortal? Where are we going, and why? Does God care? Have you asked these questions? Here is a remarkable, inspiring answer based on science. "A great book." By A. Gaskell; introduction by Richtmyer of Cornell. 312 pages. $2.50—booksellers, or will send on 10 days' approval. Write for circular. Putnam's, Box 25, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

**THE MIGRATORY ART GUILD—GUATEMALA.** This year, November to April, inclusive. Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Pottery. All expense travel, living-working unit in country of primary interest now to artists, students. Director-instructors: Rosamond Tudor, Margo Allen. For particulars write R. Tudor, Redding, Connecticut.

**LADY**—Companionable, experienced traveller—wishing to spend winter in warm climate (Bermuda, Florida, Arizona?), will act as companion for travelling and living expenses. Box 437-D.

**RESEARCH** in the archives and libraries of Washington, D. C., by a scholar with ten years experience. Box 438-D.

**MATERIAL OR PAPERS** arranged and edited for publication by an experienced man. Box 439-D.

**YOUNG LADY,** thirties, master of music, composer, poet, wishes definite salary position in any literary field. Box 440-D.

**WANT TO BE FREE** to lead your own life? Versatile woman in best of health and spirits will run your house, car and dog also type and aid research. Box 442-D.

**REGISTERED NURSE,** attending University two evenings week. Seeking Nursing, companion or anything; good housekeeper, careful driver. Salary secondary. Excellent credentials. Box 444-D.

**AMBITIOUS!** 19-year-old young woman—stenographer, proofreading, teaching experience—wants position. Box 445-D.

**AMERICAN-BORN,** Doctor's degrees from abroad, author, gives private lessons and courses in psychology, philosophy; daytime or evening. Preparation for examinations. Box 446-D.

**COLLEGE GRADUATE**—Languages, literature—wants position as assistant to author, literary agent or with publishinghouse. Experience research, scriptreading, editing, translations; good literary judgment; typist-stenographer, references. Box 447-D.

**FINE, WELL-BRED WOMAN,** forty, desires position. Experienced travelling companion, capable housekeeper, driver's license. References exchanged. Christian. 448-D.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE APT.** overlooking garden; living room with wood-burning fireplace; bedroom; kitchenette; G. E. refrigerator; tiled bath and shower; all improvements; convenient to subways. $45 monthly. Box 449-D.

**WANTED**—A woman companion to share expense of apartment or travel; writer and college graduate, if possible. Other interests, art, music, sports, cooking. Must be a good driver. Box 451-D.

**WANTED:** Two rooms with private family or floor of small house for woman editorial worker and ten year old daughter. Box 452-D.

**WISHING.** Dreaming, Castle Builder, Diffident Bachelor, bored with muddled world, newspaper reports. Would welcome stimulating correspondence with gentlewoman, fond of books, open fireplaces, distant places—leisurely conversation. Box 381-D.

**HERMIT CABIN FOR SALE.** Used by me as year-round writing place. 8'x7' 7". Capacity: desk, chair, file, stove, and folding camp cot. Double floor, interlined walls. 2 large windows. Complete with stove, $75. Must be sold by Oct. 1. Can be removed to nearby bought or leased land for $15. Situated overlooking L. I. Sound, at Northport. Box 453-D or phone Kings Park 849 until Sept. 29.

# Double-Crostics: No. 286

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1-B | 2-D | 3-W | | 4-L | 5-Q | 6-W | | 7-W | 8-Y | | 9-W | 10-J | 11-F | | 12-M | 13-U |
| 14-I | 15-B | | 16-Z | 17-K | 18-Q | | 19-W | 20-D | 21-F | | 22-X | 23-U | 24-C | 25-A | 26-W | 27-K |
| | 28-V | 29-T | 30-Y | 31-O | 32-Q | 33-P | 34-W | | 35-Z | 36-L | 37-R | 38-Q | 39-O | | 40-C | 41-J |
| 42-M | | 43-R | 44-E | 45-J | 46-H | 47-X | 48-N | | 49-N | 50-F | 51-W | | 52-Z | 53-G | 54-H | 55-T |
| 56-O | 57-P | 58-L | 59-U | 60-X | | 61-F | 62-N | | 63-O | 64-P | 65-G | 66-D | 67-Y | 68-K | | 69-G |
| 70-F | | 71-S | 72-J | 73-M | 74-B | | 75-Z | 76-S | 77-A | 78-R | 79-Y | 80-V | | 81-J | 82-K | 83-E |
| | 84-U | 85-B | 86-P | 87-G | 88-D | 89-K | 90-N | | 91-Z | 92-G | 93-Q | 94-O | 95-E | 96-N | 97-B | 98-C |
| 99-H | 100-J | 101-A | 102-I | 103-D | | 104-X | 105-Q | 106-M | 107-E | 108-A | | 109-S | 110-H | 111-E | 112-F | |
| 113-D | 114-F | 115-J | 116-W | 117-M | | 118-M | 119-A | 120-L | 121-V | 122-E | 123-F | 124-R | | 125-Y | 126-T | |
| 127-D | 128-E | 129-W | | 130-T | 131-R | 132-G | 133-L | 134-X | 135-O | 136-I | 137-Y | 138-H | 139-A | | 140-B | 141-K |
| 142-C | | 143-W | 144-E | 145-I | 146-X | 147-C | | 148-I | 149-X | 150-Y | 151-G | 152-S | 153-A | 154-M | 155-K | 156-B |
| 157-T | | 158-S | 159-G | 160-V | 161-A | 162-M | 163-R | 164-C | 165-U | 166-Y | 167-H | | 168-A | 169-K | 170-N | 171-V |
| | 172-R | 173-P | 174-C | 175-M | | 176-T | 177-S | 178-L | 179-V | 180-O | 181-B | 182-P | | | | |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

**A.** Easily disgusted or offended.

**B.** Responsive.

**C.** Wild, furious.

**D.** Treaty of Spanish Succession War (1713.)

**E.** Weird; uncanny.

**F.** French painter (1836-1912.)

**G.** Echoing back.

**H.** Blue plant dye.

**I.** Makes or fabricates.

**J.** Leader of ship-money opposition.

**K.** Pertaining to sound resemblance (words.)

**L.** Sporty, jauntily careless.

**M.** English essayist (1785-1859.)

**N.** Kipling character.

**O.** Withstood.

**P.** Hero of Trafalgar.

**Q.** Chewink.

**R.** At all events.

**S.** Strain (noun.)

**T.** Spread by offshoots.

**U.** Size of type (5½ pts.)

**V.** Simplest.

**W.** Narrative poem by J. G. Holland (2 wds.)

**X.** Ravine or gully (West. U. S.)

**Y.** Scene of "Hamlet."

**Z.** Make or do again.

### WORDS

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 139 | 161 | 119 | 101 | 153 | 168 | 25 | 77 | 108 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 140 | 181 | 85 | 74 | 97 | 1 | 156 | 15 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 174 | 40 | 142 | 24 | 98 | 164 | 147 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 2 | 127 | 88 | 113 | 66 | 20 | 103 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 144 | 111 | 83 | 95 | 44 | 122 | 107 | 128 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 112 | 21 | 70 | 11 | 61 | 114 | 50 | 123 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 159 | 87 | 151 | 69 | 53 | 65 | 92 | 132 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 110 | 99 | 167 | 138 | 54 | 46 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 148 | 136 | 145 | 102 | 14 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 10 | 81 | 100 | 72 | 45 | 115 | 41 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 169 | 68 | 27 | 17 | 82 | 89 | 141 | 155 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 133 | 120 | 178 | 36 | 58 | 4 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 42 | 175 | 118 | 162 | 106 | 154 | 12 | 73 | 117 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 48 | 96 | 49 | 90 | 170 | 62 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 56 | 135 | 63 | 180 | 39 | 94 | 31 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 86 | 182 | 64 | 57 | 173 | 33 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 93 | 5 | 18 | 105 | 32 | 38 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 172 | 78 | 43 | 131 | 37 | 163 | 124 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 76 | 158 | 109 | 71 | 177 | 152 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 55 | 29 | 130 | 176 | 126 | 157 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 13 | 84 | 23 | 165 | 59 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 28 | 160 | 121 | 171 | 179 | 80 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 143 | 7 | 9 | 19 | 51 | 116 | 34 | 6 | 26 | 129 | 3 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 22 | 149 | 47 | 60 | 134 | 104 | 146 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 67 | 137 | 8 | 30 | 150 | 125 | 79 | 166 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 75 | 91 | 16 | 52 | 35 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Promise *and* Performance

**THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS WRITTEN TWO NOVELS . . .**

THE DIFFERENCE between a *novelist* and a man who writes novels is the difference between *Sea Biscuit* and a horse that runs races. It's the difference between promise and performance. *Sinclair Lewis* was once a novelist of promise; so was *Louis Golding* and *John Steinbeck* and *Theodore Dreiser* and *Rex Stout* and *Robert Nathan* and *Clyde Brion Davis.* The promise of each of these men when they started to write novels was great, but their performance far exceeded their promise. To this noble gallery of real novelists we now add the name of *Emerson Waldman.*

Last year Emerson Waldman wrote a novel called THE LAND IS LARGE, the story of an immigrant's search for peace, security and happiness and the founding of his family in America. Chosen by *The Discoverers,* it was immediately recognized as the work of a fine new writer.

DUBOSE HEYWARD said: "I cannot remember having read a first novel which to my mind carries greater promise for the future of the author. The sureness with which suspense is built and maintained, and the strongly modeled character of Duvid Gabrielson make *The Land is Large* a novel to be remembered."

LEWIS BROWNE said: "It is a powerful tale written in a sort of smoldering passion. I am enthusiastic about its author, for I feel that he is rich in promise."

FULTON OURSLER said: "He is a writer to be watched by men and women who believe in him, as little bands of believers, years ago, watched Theodore Dreiser and others who came slowly to recognition. On the evidence of his first book, I do not believe Mr. Waldman will disappoint those who expect him to reach the heights."

And Mr. Waldman did not disappoint those who believed in him, for with the publication of BROAD IS THE WAY, he jumps to full maturity as an American novelist. *Broad is The Way* is the story of Duvid Gabrielson's son, Joseph. As a full-length portrait of an amoral opportunist who tangles himself up in his own web and so destroys the very things he cherishes most, this novel ranks with such great novels as *The Titan, The Matriarch, Arrowsmith, Men of Property.* It is a ruthless study of a man in search of power, as he pursues his devious course through triumph to destruction. It is fast, vivid, packed with dramatic situations. 378 pages, $2.50.

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER:**

Each copy of the first edition of BROAD IS THE WAY contains a coupon offer (in the back of the book) of a *free* copy of THE LAND IS LARGE, the novel which gives the background of BROAD IS THE WAY. While the limited number of copies of THE LAND IS LARGE set aside for this purpose lasts, these coupons will be honored by booksellers and the publishers in order of receipt. Act now and get two books for the price of one.

# Broad Is the Way

A NOVEL BY

*Emerson Waldman*

FARRAR & RINEHART, NEW YORK

1929 1939

*To your bookseller, or*

**FARRAR & RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.**

Please send me a copy of BROAD IS THE WAY by *Emerson Waldman* at $2.50. I understand that this entitles me to a *free* copy of THE LAND IS LARGE according to the terms of the *special free offer* above.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Charge my account ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Remittance enclosed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED